

THE PROPHECY

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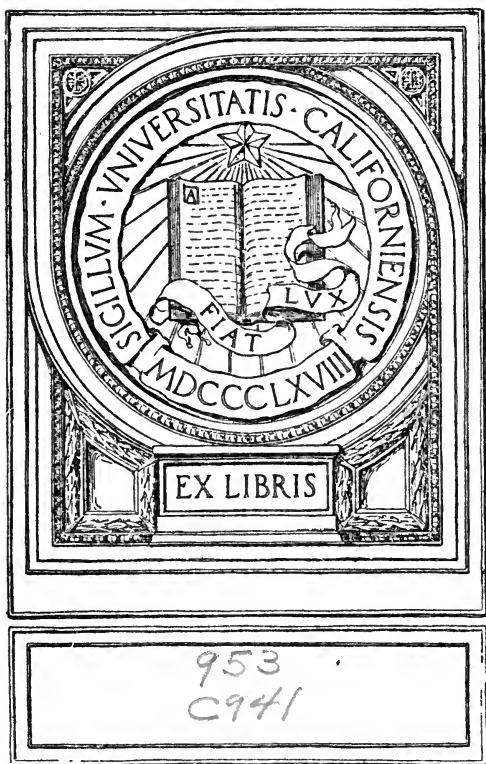
OTHER POEMS

W. A. CROFFUT

UC-NRLF



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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

The Military and Civil History of Connecticut during the Rebellion.

By W. A. Croffut in Collaboration with John M. Morris;
891 pp.; Plates lviii. Price, \$5.00. Ledyard Bill,
New York, publisher; 1869.

"This is an admirable record of the career of our soldiers for four years through march and hospital, camp and battle, for which the thanks of the State are due you."—*Gov. Buckingham.*

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By W. A. Croffut in Collaboration with Dr. Lyman C. Draper, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society; Introduction (7 pages) by Horace Greeley; 821 pages; 117 illus. Price, \$4.00. Charles F. Wiltach & Co., Cincinnati, publishers; 1870.

"Invaluable in garden and kitchen."—*American Farmer*.

"A mammoth compendium of the wisest and most valuable suggestions for the care of farm and home."—*Rural New Yorker*.

"Greeley comes to the front again with a lecture to our farmers and husbandmen on certain points, expressed in his sledge-hammer earnestness. It is illustrated from his own practical experience at Chapauqua."—*Prairie Farmer*.

"It can not be said that this bulky volume adds anything to the sum total of human knowledge, for neither Croffut nor Draper is a doctor, or a carpenter, or a floriculturist, or a husbandman, or even a cook as far as heard from, but this is a useful compilation in convenient form of twenty-five thousand important bits of human experience concerning these things, and Horace Greeley compliments the compilers by introducing their book to the public through several characteristic pages."—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

Bourbon Ballads.

Humorous political songs, one hundred in number,
written by W. A. Croffut for the New York Tribune ;
1879. Second Ed., 10 cents.

"There is a person connected with the staff of the *N. Y. Tribune* who is employed to blackguard everybody who differs from him, in infamously wretched doggerel."—*N. O. Times*.

"These 'Bourbon Ballads,' which for months have appeared at frequent intervals in the *New York Tribune*, have now been collected and published in a large edition. They are, without doubt, the most telling political thrusts that have ever appeared in English rhyme."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"This dreadful drivel is enough to make a horse sick and is ruining the *Tribune's* ancient reputation for good grammar and decency."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Whitelaw Reid ! Haul off your hireling slanderer !"—*Chicago Record*.

"Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the comic part of the *Tribune*, has ceased to write any more of those fine, soul-stirring ballads which made his paper so popular with all Bourbons, and the Bourbon Secretary of the Senate has been compelled to discontinue it."—*Donn Piatt*.

"Croffut's ballads are more copied than anything that ever emanated from the combined pens of his maligners."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Even the satirized subjects of the 'Bourbon Ballads' have laughed over them."—*Washington Star*.

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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

Deseret; or a Saint's Afflictions; An Opera.

Libretto by W. A. Croffut; music by Dudley Buck. This comic opera on Mormonism was first produced with a chorus of seventy singers, in Brooklyn, N. Y., in October, 1880.

"Deseret, a new comic opera, was performed last evening at Haverly's before a large audience, and was received with considerable favor. By reason of its pretty music and amusing story it is merry and entertaining, and last night it was much applauded and frequently interrupted with genuine and hearty laughter. Messrs. Buck and Croffut were called before the curtain almost prematurely, garlanded with flowers and 'speech!' 'speech!' vainly demanded of them."—*N. Y. Herald*, Oct. 14, 1880.

"Mr. W. A. Croffut, whose brilliant 'Graphicalities' gave the Graphic great popularity and who has more recently made a national reputation through his clever 'Bourbon Ballads' in the *Tribune*, has filled with happy conceits the libretto of 'Deseret,' now at the Brooklyn."—*Home Journal*.

"Thanks to Mr. Croffut's bright and original libretto, and Mr. Dudley Buck's strong and scholarly music, the opera could not be killed with kindness, and it ended, at a late hour, with something very like a genuine success. * * There are fortunes in it for all concerned. All through the country it will draw crowded houses and be warmly praised."—*Spirit of the Times*.

"Deseret survived the amateurs on the stage and the amateurs in front of the house, and it will make its mark and lead to a successful rivalry of Sullivan and Gilbert, if not of Offenbach, Herve and Lecocq."—*N. Y. Daily Times*.

"Deseret goes back, rather, toward the genuine comic opera of older times, and is after the French more than the modern English school."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"The Mormon opera, Deseret, has captured success, and since leaving this city has been given in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago and is now in its eighth week."—*N. Y. World*.

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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

A Midsummer Lark.

A book of travels in verse; by W. A. Croffut. New York; Henry Holt & Co., 1883. 16mo., pp. xii, 256. Price, \$1.25. (Leisure Hour Series, No. 150.)

"Both the matter and the form of his book are well calculated to attract attention and to afford amusement. The whole of it, from dedication to finish, is cast in rhyme, and it is altogether such a jolly, rollicking sort of a 'lark' that the worst tempered man in the world could not help laughing over it. It is genuinely and spontaneously bright and witty."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

"Old routes take on new charms under Mr. Croffut's lively handling."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"This is a whimsical humorous story of the haps and mishaps of a party of merry travelers. The whole thing is a literary joke, strongly marked with the characteristics of the author, who is one of the wittiest and most facile writers connected with American journalism."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"One of the very jolliest books of the season, the best to take into the country, to read aloud to those who are sick, and those who are blue, and with much sense, wisdom and pathos beneath its wit and humor."—*Demorest's Monthly*.

"The most depressing of printed books."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Croffut has made a hit with this volume."—*N. Y. World*.

"The book is unique—a fantastic conceit in rhyme. Even the preface, the running title and the foot-notes rhyme."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Beginning the closely printed pages that have all the appearance of prose pure and simple, the reader is surprised at the ringing measure and the rhythmic form straightway encountered, and as with mingled wit and ease and grace the recital glides and flows smoothly on through chapter after chapter, never becoming tedious, its unique style rather growing richer, its interest waxing fuller, surprise changes to amaze at the rare and peculiar ability the work displays. It is of its kind inimitable and beyond improvement."—*N. O. Times-Democrat*.

"This Midsummer Lark really carols in musical strain. The book is a poem of many metres. Not satisfied with writing poetical prose, the author has given us prose (but far from prosy) poetry. At first the incongruity of vehicle and sentiment jars upon the reader. It is too like a farce to quite satisfy a refined taste. But, as the rhythmical lines flow on from page to page and as one notes the vividness of the scenes portrayed and marks the esprit of the whole the shocked conventional judgment insensibly merges into an amused toleration and this in turn becomes undisguised and genial approval. Many of the descriptions are fine poetry; but the comments upon the 'old masters' and such points as the Tarpeian Rock and Appian Way are marked by the same shrewd, possibly rude, mother wit as that famous volume of Mark Twain which first shook the autocracy of antiquity. We can conceive of no book, admittedly written to amuse its readers, which can be found to yield more entertainment in proportion to its information."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"A Midsummer Lark is the most daring literary adventure that has been attempted for years. There never was anything like it published before. No one but the man whose name lies on the title page would have conceived such an idea, and his most ardent admirer and steadfast friend could not have expected it to be carried fully out. Mr. Croffut has long been recognized as a genius by those who are familiar with his versatility, his wonderful power of imagination and his infinite humor; he is an audacious and remorseless punster, and has a wit that brings a spark whenever it strikes friend or foe. He is always doing something or writing something—the busiest man in New York."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

"Somebody has said, 'When you see a humorist, kill him on the spot—with kindness.' Nobody can help having a kindly feeling for the man who puts everybody in good humor and provokes laughter in all sorts of unexpected ways. A genuine humorist is a walking and talking sunbeam, radiating cheerfulness wherever he goes. And if he does not produce explosions of merriment, he fills the mind with that pleasurable content which balms all wounds and makes one oblivious of everything but present enjoyment. Since Mark Twain's 'Innocents Abroad' we have had no such delightful, fun-provoking book about Europe as Croffut's 'Midsummer Lark.'"—*N. Y. Sun*.

"This unique narrative of a lark with congenial companions through Scotland, England, and over the continent, forms one of the popular Leisure Hour series, and is as bright and sparkling and fresh as though no line had ever been read about foreign travels."—*Boston Herald*.

"Croffut's humor is lighter and daintier than Mark Twain's, but it is quite as genuine and does not tire so soon. And the oldest inhabitant will aver that he never saw Europe done up in such a style before."—*N. Y. Star*.

"Of all the trash that was ever written, this takes the cake."—*Rochester Democrat*.

"So far as we remember, nothing of the kind has ever been done before except by Moore, who in his 'Rhymes on the Road' attempted to leave in poetic form the reminiscences of a poet's journey."—*Buffalo Courier*.

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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

The Vanderbilts and the Story of their Fortune.

By W. A. Croffut; New York and Chicago; Belford, Clarke & Co., 1886. 16mo., pp. xii, 310; Illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Third edition, 1894.

"This volume is an interesting, timely and suggestive history of the Vanderbilt family, of their lives and efforts, and is as entertaining as any novel. But the chief element of value in the work just now is the plainness with which it is made to appear that the Vanderbilts have been the accumulators of wealth, which, while it has enriched them, has at the same time been of far greater benefit to the community as a whole."—*Chicago Times*.

"This work reads almost like a fairy tale, giving, as it does, an accurate history, drawn from authoritative sources, of the methods by which the great Vanderbilt fortune has been built up."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"If this book could be placed in every family it would exterminate socialism in America."—*N. Y. Tribune*.

"It is not to be denied that the personal career of such an aggressive, avaricious and remorseless 'Captain of Industry' as the old Commodore makes interesting reading, but 'The Vanderbilts' is a book to keep out of the hands of the growing youth of this land who need an exemplar. The fewer Napoleons and Corneliiuses the world has the better off for all men. It would shock even Carlyle."—*Albany Argus*.

"This is a book to place in the possession of American boys. It ought to be in every Sunday school as a stimulant to upright ambition."—*Brooklyn Times*.

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Mr. W. A. Croffut's Writings.

(In Press.)

Folks Next Door.

Albany; Century Press Co., 1894; 8vo, pp. 224; 100 illustrations. Price, 50 cents.

Silhouettes of travel-scenes in Labrador, Nova Scotia, the Bermudas, Cuba, Mexico, and Yucatan.

(In Preparation.)

Labor's Riddle Guessed At.

A consideration of the Relations of the Capitalist, the Inventor, and the Workingman, and of their respective Shares in Production and Distribution.

(In Preparation.)

The Open Gate of Dreamland.

A complete Hand-book of Hypnotism, describing mesmeric sleep in its different phases from lucidity to catalepsy, with definite instructions how to induce hypnosis.

"Just after receiving the degree of Ph. D. from Union College, Dr. W. A. Croffut was blackballed by the Cosmos Club of Washington, on the ground that he practised hypnotism! We are now prepared to hear that it has expelled somebody for practising astronomy."—*Providence Journal*.

(In Preparation.)

Under Twelve Administrations.

A free-hand Chronicle of Life, Manners and Methods in the Capital of the Republic, from Buchanan to ———. In two volumes, royal octavo. (To appear about 1898.)

This work will be a narrative combining a historical outline with much incident and anecdote about public men and measures—a sort of life-mask of the city of Washington in the last half of the Nineteenth Century.

THE PROPHECY

LAND

Other Poems

BY

W. A. CROFFUT

AUTHOR OF

"A MIDSUMMER LARK," "THE VANDERBILTS," "FOLKS NEXT DOOR,"
"DESERET," ETC.

NEW YORK
LOVELL BROTHERS COMPANY
32 AND 34 LAFAYETTE PLACE

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 10. PART 1. 1880.

TO HER
WHO IS TO ME
WIFE, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER,
I dedicate this book

536628

PREFACE.

With the exception of the first, the poems in this book are printed in somewhat the chronological order of their production. No attempt has been made to segregate the serious from the humorous, or the occasion poems from the poems of legend or of locality, except in the ample classification of the table of contents. If this lack of arrangement gives to the volume the character of a melange of grave and gay, it can not seem more heterogeneous or incongruous than were the events and moods in which it had its origin.

With three or four exceptions, these poems have all found place in various periodicals, and I am under obligations to the publishers of the *Century*, *Puck*, *Harper's Weekly*, the *New York Graphic*, *Tribune*, *World* and *Sun*, the *Home Journal* and the *Washington Post*, for permission to assemble the waifs together within these covers.

I have rescued from the somewhat obscure prose-forms of "A Midsummer Lark" six of the poems hidden thereunder and, after revision, have introduced them here. The strong temptation to include more of them, and also to reprint some of the songs from

"Deseret" which the eminent composer, Mr. Dudley Buck, set to lively and stirring music, has been successfully resisted.

The fortuitous nature of this collection, and especially the transiency of some of the events and the obscurity of some of the places referred to, have made it apparently desirable to introduce at the close of the book a few pages of notes to explain what might otherwise be unfamiliar or unintelligible.

PROLOGUE.

"I can not rest me till they come!" he cried,
And from the hut his shepherd's reed he blew.

The honeyed note in sweet cajolery flew
O'er desert sands and up the mountain wide;
And as in dells its fainting echo died,

The grazing flocks Arcadian heard and knew
The loving call, and, moist with evening dew,
The motley creatures hastened to his side.

"O, flocks uncouth!" a wandering traveler thought,
"Ill-bred, ill-chosen—" "Ah! how fair they be!"

The rustic spake, "what pleasure have they brought!
I could not rest till they had come to me,

For with them I have lived and laughed and wept."
And then the happy swain lay calmly down and slept.

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THE PROPHECY — 1492.

Read at the Opening of the World's Columbian Exposition
at Chicago, Illinois, May 1, 1893.

Sadly Columbus watched the nascent moon
Drown in the Gloomy Ocean's western deeps.

Strange birds that day had fluttered in the sails,
And strange flowers floated round the wandering keel,
And yet no land. And now, when thro the dark
The Santa Maria leaped before the gale,
And angry billows tossed the caravels,
As to destruction, Gomez Rascon came
With Captain Pinzon thro the frenzied seas,
And to the Admiral brought a parchment scroll,
Saying. "Good Master: Read this writing here;
An earnest prayer it is from all the fleet.
The crew would fain turn back in utter fear.
No longer to the Pole the compass points.
The sailor's star reels dancing down the sky.
You saw but yestereve an albatross
Drop dead on deck beneath the flying scud.
The Devil's wind blows madly from the east
Into the land of Nowhere, and the sea
Keeps sucking us adown the maelstrom's maw.
Francisco says the edge of earth is near,
And off to Erebus we slide unhelmed.

Last Sunday night Diego saw a witch
 Dragging the Nina by her forechains west
 And wildly dancing on a dolphin's back;
 And, as she danced, the brightest star in heaven
 Slipped from its leash and sprang into the sea,
 Like Lucifer, and left a trail of blood.
 O, Master, hear me!—turn again to Spain,
 Obedient to the omens, or, perchance,
 The terror-stricken crew, to escape their doom,
 May mutiny and—”

“Gomez Rascon, peace!”

Exclaimed the Admiral, “thou hast said enough!
 Now, prithee, leave me. I would be alone.”

Then eagerly Columbus sought a sign,
 In sea and sky and in his lonely heart,
 But found, instead of presages of hope,
 The black and ominous portents of despair.
 The wild wind roared around him, and he heard
 Shrill voices shriek “Return!—return!—return!”
 He thought of Genoa and dreams of youth,
 His father's warning and his mother's prayers,
 Confiding Beatriz, her prattling babe,
 The life and mirth and warmth of old Castile,
 And tempting comfort of the peaceful land,
 And sad winds moaned “return!—return!—return!”

As thus he mused, he paced the after deck
 And gazed upon the luminous waves astern.
 Strange life was in the phosphorescent foam,
 And thro the goblin glow there came and went,
 Like elfin shadows on an opal sea,
 Prophetic pictures of the land he sought.

He saw the end of his victorious quest.
He saw, ablaze on Isabella's breast,
The gorgeous Antillean jewels rest —
The Islands of the West !

He saw invading Plenty dispossess
Old Poverty, the land with bounty bless,
And thro the wailing caverns of Distress
Walk star-eyed Happiness !

He saw the Bourbon and Braganza prone,
For ancient error tardy to atone,
Giving the plundered people back their own
And flying from the throne.

He saw an empire radiant as the day,
Harnessed to law but under Freedom's sway,
Proudly arise, resplendent in array,
To show the world the way.

He saw celestial Peace in mortal guise,
And, filled with hope and thrilled with high emprise,
Lifting its tranquil forehead to the skies,
A vast republic rise.

He saw, beyond the hills of golden corn,
Beyond the curve of Autumn's opulent horn,
Ceres and Flora laughingly adorn
The bosom of the morn.

He saw a cloth of gold across the gloom,
An arabesque from Evolution's loom,
And from the barren prairie's driven spume
Imperial cities bloom.

He saw an iron dragon dashing forth
On pathways East, and West, and South and North,
Its bonds uniting in beneficent girth
Remotest ends of earth.

He saw the lightnings run an elfin race,
Where trade and love and pleasure interlace,
And severed friends in Ariel's embrace
Communing face to face.

He saw Relief thro deadly dungeons grope ;
Foes turn to brothers, black despair to hope,
And cannon rust along the grass-grown slope,
And rot the gallows rope.

He saw the babes on Labor's cottage floor,
The bright walls hung with luxury more and more,
And Comfort, radiant with abounding store,
Wave welcome at the door.

He saw the myriad spindles flutter round ;
The myriad mill-wheels shake the solid ground ;
The myriad homes where jocund joy is found,
And Love is throned and crowned.

He saw exalted Ignorance under ban,
Though panoplied in force since time began,
And Science, consecrated, lead the van,
The Providence of man.

The pictures came and paled and passed away.
And then the Admiral turned as from a trance,
His lion face aglow, his luminous eyes
Lit with mysterious fire from hidden suns :
" Now, Martin, to thy waiting helm again !
Haste to the Pinta ! Fill her sagging sails, .

For on my soul hath dawned a wondrous sight.
 Lo!—thro this segment of the watery world
 Uprose a hemisphere of glorious life!—
 A realm of golden grain and fragrant fruits,
 And men and women wise and masterful,
 Who dwelt at peace in rural cottages
 And splendid cities bursting into bloom—
 Great lotus blossoms on a flowery sea.
 And happiness was there, and bright-winged Hope—
 High Aspiration, soaring to the stars!
 And then methought, O, Martin, through the storm
 A million faces turned on me and smiled.
 Now go we forward—forward!—fear avaunt!
 I will abate no atom of my dream,
 Though all the devils of the underworld
 Hiss in the sails and grapple to the keel!
 Haste to the Pinta! Westward keep her prow,
 For I have had a vision full of light!
 Keep her prow westward in the sunset's wake
 From this hour hence and let no man look back!"

* * * * *

Then from the Pinta's foretop fell a cry—
 A trumpet-song—"Light-ho! Light-ho! Light-ho!"

WHAT THE VOICE SAID.

Christmas Eve! My sad repining
 Vanished as the raindrops ceased;
 Presto!—bright the sun came shining,
 And a rainbow spanned the east,
 From Apollo's sheaf released.

Then my soul, escaped from sorrow,
Sent aloft the jubilant cry
"We shall have a pleasant morrow—
Lo! the glorious reply!
Lo! the Promise in the sky!"

Morning came. I watched uncertain,
Waiting on the gathering gloom,
Till I saw the sable curtain
Woven in the cloudy loom—
Heard afar the thunder boom.

Heaven insensate loosed its fountains
From the troubled zenith then,
And the storm roared down the mountains,
Flooding wide the haunts of men
As to drown the world again.

And a Voice fell thro the changes:
"Thou art vanity, O Man!
Thou would'st have the infinite ranges
Moulded to thy puerile plan—
Stunted to thy petty span.

"Thou would'st bid eternal forces
Bring thee sun or bring thee shower—
Bid the strong-winged universes
Lend their everlasting power
To the whimsey of an hour.

"Thou would'st wreck the firm foundation
Of all chemic change, and mar
The love-story of creation.
Thou would'st have the morning star
Harnessed to thy pygmy car!

"In this circling realm of order
If a prayer or plea could cause,
From the center to the border
Where the tide of being draws,
Any lapse of Nature's laws,

"Planets would go headlong rocking;
Stars would perish one by one,
All their orbits interlocking;
Earth would plunge into the sun
And thy midget race be run!"

Gods are impotent as fairies;
Devils weak as shadows are;
For the arm of Nature parries
Every weapon, near and far,
Like the sword, Excalibar.

Bound in obdurate conditions,
Vain is our unheeded cry,
All our longings and petitions
Come, and linger and pass by,
Like the colors on the sky!

THE SAGUENAY.

Rejoice, my soul, for thou hast had
Right royal company to-day;
Attired in spruce and hemlock spray
She came, so savage, grand and sad,
Queen of the northern woods, the peerless Saguenay.

Draped in the twilight's lilac veil
She moved, all modestly bedight ;
Then, as the regnant orb of night
A vesture flung o'er hill and dale,
She caught the sheen and robed her lustrous limbs with light.

Where'er our vapory dragons go,
The dryads of this somber hall,
And nymphs and gnomes are banished all—
All, save the mighty Manito
Who hides within his caves and answers to our call.

Disguised behind our very tone
His voice is strange and full of tears ;
Each plaint of sadness reappears—
The songs of death by wild winds blown,
The battle's muffled yells, the dirge of vanished years.

No life in all these solitudes !
No bird on all the haunted shore !
Here pygmy man may bow before
Stern Nature's elemental moods,
And learn to reverence her spirit more and more.

The sun seems alien. Sheer above
Loom the precipitate mountains vast
And o'er the abyss their menace cast,
While, in each iron-buttressed cove
Gloom lurks and scowls until the intrusive day be past.

Loch Lomond of a wilder West !
We list for Roderick's martial strain,
And watch where Rob Roy's plaid again
May flutter from some craggy crest,
Or Ellen's fairy skiff may skim the shining plain,

Or heather blossom where the hill
Hath put its purple garment on ;
The vision comes, and lo ! is gone ;
The grand unfathomed fissure still
Stretches away—away—a thousand lakes in one !

No grim sarcophagus thou art,
But cradle of a life to be
And temple of its majesty ;
The very silence of the heart
That throbs in thine abyss, a message brings to me.

Then sing, my soul ! for thou hast had
Right royal company to-day ;
In evergreens and granite gray
She came, magnificently clad,—
Queen of the northern woods, the savage Saguenay !

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.²

My wandering soul is satisfied :
I rest where blooming islands ride
At anchor on the tranquil tide.

The sky of summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

I know the tale the red man sung :
How, when this northern land was young
And by a smiling heaven o'erhung,

Its beauty stirred the Arch-fiend's ire
Till, burning with insane desire,
He smote it with a shaft of fire

And shattered it to fragments. "See!"
He cried with diabolic glee,
"The Paradise that mocked at me!

"'Tis sunk beneath the wave. No trace
Is left of all its native grace
And witchery of loveliness!"

But Time repairs the wreck of old,
And veils, with touches manifold,
The shining shards with green and gold.

'The sad wounds hide in tender moss,
And ferns and lichens creep across
And each pathetic scar emboss.

The pine its coronal uprears,
And banished beauty reappears
'Neath the caresses of the years.

The fairy-land again has grown;
The Huron's god has found a throne,
And Manito reclaims his own.

And so the summer shines serene,
And sapphire rivers lapse between
The thousand bosky shields of green.

And so I drift in silence where
Young Echo, from her granite stair,
Flings music on the mellow air,

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Until her phantom carols wake
The voices of the island lake.

The mystic strains of long ago,
The savage cries to Manito,
And corn-song soaring, sweet and low;

The pleading prayer of old Francois ;
The paddle-plash of Charlevoix ;
The murmurs of the Iroquois ;

The angelus of Pere Marquette—
I hear its cadence falling yet
From the lone spire of La Galette.

The Past comes babbling everywhere,
As Echo, from her granite stair,
Flings music on the mellow air.

I hear the menace from afar ;
I hear the frenzied voice of war
Burst from the guns of De la Barre.

I hear Moore's melodies again—
The sweetness of "La Claire Fontaine"
Drops down like sunshine after rain.

O'er rock and rush, o'er wave and brake,
Young Echo's phantom carols wake
The myriad voices of the lake.

Beneath my skiff the long grass slides,
The muskallonge in covert hides
And pickerel flash their silver sides,

And purple vines the naiads wore,
A-tiptoe on the liquid floor,
Nod welcome to my pulsing oar.

The shadow of the waves I see,
Whose luminous meshes seem to be
The love-web of Penelope.

It shimmers on the yellow sands,
And as, beneath the weaver's hands,
It creeps abroad in throbbing strands,

The braided sunbeams softly shift,
And unseen fingers, flashing swift,
Unravel all the golden weft.

So, day by day, I drift and dream
Among fair solitudes that seem
The crowning glory of the stream.

“GOING TO THANKSGIVING.”

“Come, Children ; to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day ;
Get ready.” “Yes, papa ; hooray and hooray !
We’ve been up an hour and are ready to go ;
It’s jolly to visit our grandfather, though !
O, never mind breakfast ; we’ll eat at Podunk—
A ostrich might fill hisself out of the trunk.”

“Mamma! where’s my stocking?” “There—under the stove.”

“Augustus, come up here !” “What is it, my love ?”

“O, run ! O, come quick ! It is dreadful, my dear,
The baby has poked several beans in his ear,
And swallowed his trumpet, as sure as you live.”

“Impossi—why, no, Jane, it’s here, up his sleeve.”

“Come on ! We’ll be left ! We must hurry ! Where’s Fred ?
Sue, run back and find him.” “He’s gone on ahead !”

“All aboard for Podunk !” “O, Conductor ! Stop ! Wait !
I’ll hev to go back jest as certain as Fate—
The tickets—I left em—they’re on the settee !”

“No, father, you took ’em.” “Maud, run back and see
If they’re in the—Maria, perhaps they’re in that—
By George ! here they be in the crown of my hat !”

“Hold on ! Where’s that—” “Ma ! I want something to eat.”

“Here’s jelly cake. Don’t get a muss on the seat.”

“O, here ’tis. I found it. Right under my feet.”

" I'm almost distracted my dear." " So be I—
 This racket !—it seems jest as if I should fly—
 Seven children, and boxes and bundles and all,
 And—" " Waaa !" " O, you baby ! Now why don't you bawl ?
 I scarcely didn't touch you !" " Don't bother him, Fred !" "
 " I didn't ! But he hit his old whip on my head."
 " Ma, Em's lost her hat off !" " Ma, Jennie's doll's broke."
 " Ma, Johnny has went in the car where they smoke."
 " There ! Now you've tipped over and spilt all the tea.
 " Hush, baby ! O, hush ! You're as cross as can be."
 [" Pe-quannock ! "] " Ma, Fido's got one of his fits,
 And Jennie has tore her new frock all to bits ! "
 " Hain't, neither, not half ! " " Johnny lost his right shoe
 In the straw in the horse car in Third Avenue."

Children in Chorus :

" O, whoop ! This is awfully jolly, I say !
 I wish a Thanksgiving would come every day ! "

RESURGAM. CHICAGO ; 1872.

Live, daughter of the prairie, live !
 What seemed thine end was thy beginning !
 What seemed thy shackles did but give
 The athlete better chance of winning !
 Where yesterday the drunken sun
 Was reeling at the fiery chalice,
 A miracle he sees begun
 In vaulting dome and blooming palace.
 Ring, trowel, ring !
 Thy shining shield
 From blaze and brand shall beauty borrow ;
 Sing, builder, sing !
 The ashen field
 Shall blossom brighter yet to-morrow !

Hail, daughter of the prairie, hail !
All cheery noises swell the greeting ;
The rattling cart, the ringing nail,
The hammer on the anvil beating,
The newsboy's cry, the sailors' call,
The song that makes the nooning gladder,
The shout for mortar on the wall,
Where climbs the hod the dizzy ladder.
Ring, trowel, ring !
The bells that pealed
Despair, shall Hope's sweet music borrow ;
Sing, builder, sing,
The ashen field
Shall blossom brighter yet to-morrow.
Rise, daughter of the prairie, rise !
As, dancing to Amphion's ditty
Beneath the fabled orient skies
Arose the wondrous Theban city,
So rise our magic walls to-day,
Lured upward by the lute of Labor,
Entranced as were the huts of clay
By music of the Syrian tabor !
Ring, trowel, ring !
The heart, annealed,
Finds sweetness in the cup of sorrow !
Sing, builder, sing !
The ashen field
Shall blossom brighter yet to-morrow.

APRIL.

Lo ! the shower that appears
When the brightness is gone—
'Tis the Sky shedding tears
At the loss of the Sun !

TWO BREAKFAST DISHES.³

When an angel made shad
 The devil was mad,
 For it seemed such a feast of delight,
 So, to ruin the scheme,
 He plunged in the stream
 And stuck in the bones out of spite.
 When strawberries red
 First illumined their bed
 The angel looked on and was glad ;
 But the devil, 'tis said,
 Fairly pounded his head,
 For he'd used all the bones for the shad.

TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS—1877.

Halt, Brigham ! You've scolded and stormed like a harri-
 dan ;
 Have threatened Grant, Uncle Sam, Sherman and Sheri-
 dan ;
 Have spouted a picturesque sort of profanity
 Although they have treated your harem with lenity—
 Although they have spared your indecorous notions,
 Your weddings off color and grotesque devotions—
 Although when you sealed a new rural or city mate
 They let the transaction pass off as legitimate ;
 Till now, with proud mein and a plea somewhat slender,
 With voice like a hag of the feminine gender,
 With words in falsetto and gestures quite frantic,
 You rush to the front to mop back the Atlantic.
 In vain ! With Fate's solemn decree you're disputing—
 Can aught be more mad than this Mormon Canuting ?
 Forsooth, you would fight to maintain your pretensions
 Your wives and your follies, your dupes and your pensions.
 Now Brigham, see here ! lend an ear-flap and listen—
 A tale with a moral—just hearken to this 'un :

An Injin—I knew and disliked him—moreover
You remind me of that aboriginal rover—
An Injin, all speckled and tattooed of visage,
Resisted, as you do, the progress of this age.
He wished that the telegraphs might be abated ;
The railroads advancing he cordially hated ;
So one day he picked out his longest and best rein
And started to capture the Denver express train.
One end of the lasso he tied round his body,
Then hid in the bushes, then swallowed some toddy ;
The rattle of wheels in the distance is humming ;
The desperate, fury-fed dragon is coming !
A whistle ! A roar ! The lithe lasso leaps yonder
And hovers in air like a coiled anaconda ;
The train rushes by—a dense cloud interposes,
But the lasso the neck of the monster encloses !

He's got him ! The Injin has captured the stranger !—
The iron-winged, thunder-voiced, fire-breathing ranger.

I have but to add—here the moral is hingin'—
That they never found head, neck or heels of that Injin !

A DREAM OF DEATH.

READ AT THE FUNERAL OF HENRY EVANS, AN AGNOSTIC,
BROOKLYN, JULY, 1881.

I slept, and sleeping dreamed, and in my dream
Saw, struggling through the highways of the world
In wretched pomp, the grim parade of man—
The young and old, the vigorous and weak,
Some thrilled with joy and flushed with hope supern,
Some heavy-laden, footsore, sick at heart,

They fought their way, a blind and eager throng.

Cimmerian darkness fiercely clasped them all,
Save when they caught the flickering glimmer shed
Around the far-off globe of steady fire
Uplifted like a Beltane altar-flame
By firm heroic hands of them in front.
A few declared there was a sun beyond
The gloomy concave, but it gave no light,
And no man living ever saw its ray
Or felt its warmth amid the chilly dank.

Lo! As the wierd procession crept along,
A sprite, the tricky Ariel men call Life,
Went dodging like a firefly through the dark,
Passing his feeble torch from hand to hand,
And laughing as he sped.—He gave the torch
To helpless babes, who gurgled full of glee
And instantly to lads and lasses changed,
And played, and danced, and kissed, and planned, and then
The torch was snatched—they fell to rise no more.
A sage I saw who opened his learned lips
To utter truths the world had yearned to hear,
But Ariel seized his torch and he was dumb
Forever. So the traveler's torture-track
Was strewed with martyred ones and wet with tears,
And wails of woe went up from hearts bereft
That always drowned the songs of merriment.

Upon the bearer of the torch I turned :
"Thou impious trifler with the heart of man!
How durst thou thus betray the dreams of youth,
And fondest hopes of bright maturity!
Thou art a murderer, fantastic fool!
Better put out thy torch forevermore

Than fill the world with mourning ! ”

Then he smiled

And beckoned—“ Come,” he said, “ and walk with me.”

He led to opulent fields of rustling grain,
To fair and shady forests, rippling grass,
And Nature’s fragrant garden full of flowers.

“ Behold the resurrection of the dead ! ”

He spake right joyously : “ these grand old oaks,
These verdurous sycamores, those fruity vines,
Once lived and danced—strong men and women fair,
These roses, pinks and daffodils were babes,
And when they fall will grow to babes again,
And join my motley pageant rich with life.

For every atom in the sentient world
Through all the cycles of the cosmic dance
Goes wheeling—palpitates in bird and clod,
In tear and rainbow, star and sentient brain.
Thus Life is only Death in masquerade,
And Death is only variant Life to be,
For every coffin to a cradle turns
And rocks a life to beauty underground.”

“ Ah, yes ! ” I said, “ I see the body goes
And comes again in flower and verdant sod,
But where the spirit that informs the clay—
That makes it think and soar and throb with life ? ”

“ Behold ! ” he cried, and shook his shining torch :
“ Some call me Zeus, some God, some Jupiter,
Jehovah, Moloch, Typhon, Manito,
A thousand names, and fight about the name,
And build them altars, thumb-screws, racks and creeds,
And slay each other at the christening.

I was begot of Matter and of Force
Which no beginning had—will have no end—
The mighty, infinite, insensate power
Which fills and floats the boundless universe.”

“ But whence Affection ? ” I, persisting, asked,
“ And Sympathy and all its blessed brood ? ”

“ Yonder ! ” he said, and pointed to the globe
Of steady fire that glimmered down the ranks,
Uplifted like a Beltane altar-flame
By brave heroic hands of them in front.
“ It is the lamp of love whose fire is fed
By oil of knowledge from experience drawn.
The madly wandering myriads see it not,
Or seeing, can conjecture whence it comes
Or whither guides, and so they stumble on
Through paths debasing, led by Ignorance,
The misbegotten child of Circumstance.”

“ A luminous jet ; who lighted it ? ” I asked.

“ That spark was kindled ” Ariel gently said
“ By primal man in his arboreal home—
First of his race who highest pleasure found,
And marked the only road that leads thereto—
The sacred road of mutual helpfulness.
He lit the lamp for all that follow him.
Its flame steals splendor from unconscious life.
A truth drops toward it like a meteor spark.
A strong man’s voice, a woman’s secret thought,
Sometimes a baby’s smile, will make it glow—
A gracious beacon in a perilous sea !
Good will, a love of justice, mercy, peace,
All make the lambent flame more radiant,

And thus it brighter grows from year to year.
No man who lives and toils but lends to it
Some feeble ray. Sweet tolerance for all
Who heedless trip and suffer, feeds the lamp
With holy chrism ; and that benign self-love
Which finds the highest joy in others' joy,
Enkindles it to glory like a star.
See how it shines !”

That moment I awoke
And walked abroad. A chill was in the air.
And then they told me that our friend was dead.

THEY THINK.

THE FARMER'S WIFE :

I think that a farmer like you ought to dig-
Nify his high calling each day ;
But 'tis hard to sit under your own vine and fig-
Ure up debts that you know you can't pay.

THE FARMER :

I think that your friendly expression is fun-
Damentally wise and discreet ;
Suppose you now run and turn off a pun-
Kin pie that your husband can eat.

THE WIFE :

I think a good deal of your money is bet-
Ter than credit, if paid at the store ;
For then by the grocery stove you can set-
Tle the bill that will haunt you no more.

THE HUSBAND :

I think an affectionate wife should be kind-
 Ling the fire ere her husband awakes,
 And let him rise later and sit in the wind-
 Ow and read while she's baking the cakes.

SHE :

I think that you promised my cloak should be fur-
 Nished in time for the holiday wear ;
 But now you demur ; we're so poor, my dear Sir-
 Loin steak on the table is rare.

HE :

I think 'tis a serious question how far-
 Mers' Alliances influence banks ;
 Perhaps all our transports will be in a car-
 Nival of fanatics and cranks.

A DREAM OF PARNASSUS.

THE ERA OF CHEAP BOOKS AND WHAT THE IMMORTALS
 THINK ABOUT IT.

I slept where the moon, serenely bright,
 Shone full in my face through a summer night ;
 I dreamt I was in a Land of Light,
 With Fielding and Moore and Shelley and White,
 And Shakspeare and Milton—a goodly sight !—
 With Addison, Dryden, and others, quite
 Too numerous to mention ;
 And there the worthies, one and all,
 Whom we the “classical authors” call,
 Beneath the shade of Parnassus tall,
 On Pegasus Place, in Helicon Hall,
 Were holding a big convention.

Virgil was sitting beside Voltaire,
Boccaccio chatting with Dumas, pere,
And Pope curled up in the corner there,
While grave Sam Johnson was in the chair,
Wall-eyed and grim, with carrotty hair,
And he said, "Of course you are all aware

Of the latest earthly advices :

The publishers old are going to smash
Beneath the great 'economy' lash,
For the Ten-cent library, cutting a dash
Exceedingly reckless and awfully rash,
Is selling for almost nothing for cash
And ruining regular prices !

"I hold in my hand a letter from four
American publishers who feel sore ;
They speak for a score, or possibly more,
Who live by a traffic in printed lore.
I read : ' We pray from this earthly shore—

Ye authors of old, attend us !

O, give us a lift in this hour of need,
For the publishing business is going to seed ;
The Ten-cent pirates are making with speed
As many books as the folks can read,
And selling disgracefully low, indeed ;
It cheapens your fame—for you we plead !—
Ye talented ghosts, defend us !'

"What word shall we send to the anxious band ?"
Then Walter Scott, with a book in his hand,
Arose (amid cries of "Take the stand !")
And said, "Cheap books will possess the land ;
There is no use for the gilt-edge brand,
While a man with a dime can always command

The brams of sage and scholar :
A nickel for Pope—good binding on ;
The same for the poems of Tennyson ;
Six cents for your Pilgrim's Progress, John ;
For the Iliad, twenty cents ; and Don
Quixote for half a dollar ! ”

Then Chaucer said, “ I am rather old,
But am mighty glad this day to be told
How cheap my Canterbury Tales are sold,
And copper will buy the treasures of gold
In the poets and wits of the Queen Anne fold,
Steele the bright and De Foe the bold,
Berkeley the sober and Swift the scold,
The travels of Walter Raleigh,
Shakspeare's works, and Smollett's and Sterne's,
Bacon, Bolingbroke, Byron and Burns ;
And Babington Lord Macauley.”

Charles Dickens said, “ 'Twere foolish to let
Good luck of mortals cause regret ;
For the price of a theater-ticket they get
Milman's Gibbon—the perfect set—
Dante and Virgil, a half crown net
For a shilling Adam Smith on Debt,
And Mill on the Law of Nations ;
And I see by this wondrous circular
The Eachside Library sends, that for
Seven cents you get the Seven Years' War,
For a dime, King Henry of Navarre,
And for thrice the price of a good cigar
Will Shakspeare's inspirations.”

Then Goldsmith rose and expressed it thus :
“ It is simply a case of *de gustibus* ;

I see no reason for all this fuss,
For publishers never did much for us,
 While needy, summer and winter ;
Therefore, my brothers, I hold this view :
The high-price houses are doubtless blue,
But unto the man our thanks are due
Who sends our thoughts each palace through,
And into the humblest cottage, too,
For the Many are always more than the Few
 And the People are more than the Printer ! ”

A slight shade rose—’twas Edgar Poe—
Who said, “ I’m talking here with De Foe ;
We agree, and the ancients tell us so,
Who makes two printed leaves to show
Where only one did formerly grow
Is as good a man as we want to know.
This selfish grumble from realms below
 Reveals its earthly animus ;
I move it be not received ! ” About
A thousand voices removed all doubt,
Ben Jonson and Halleck and Hood spoke out,
Kit North and Irving and Father Prout,
’Mid a storm of cheers and a mighty shout,
 The motion passed—unanimous !

THE BAY OF FUNDY’S TIDES.⁴

How it puzzles every white man !—
When the foaming, hump-backed Ocean,
Like a big whale rushing inland,
Splashes up the Bay of Fundy,
Climbs the shores of Minas Basin,
Sprawls above the salt-sea meadows,

Frolics on the sunny shallows,
Till the Moon, its mother, beckons,
When afar it flies affrighted.
Like a she-bear's roving twin-cubs
Playing in a farmer's garden
Knowing nothing of the danger,
Till the dam, pursuing, finds them,
And, with many a growl and whimper,
Calls them to their native forest,
So scared Ocean hurries homeward—
Sight that puzzles every white man.

But the Micmac knows the secret—
Knows how he, the mighty Glooskap,
Chief of chiefs and king of hunters,
Living in his purple wigwam
Up among the clouds of morning,
Taught the lazy, hump-backed Ocean
To arise and do his bidding:
And the story I will tell you.

'Twas a squaw that made the trouble.

Good was Glooskap, strong and tender;
He was taller than a pine-tree
And the thunder was the echo
Of his wrath and his complaining,
And the trailing clouds of cirrus
Were the giant's floating tresses
With the summer sun upon them
And he made the night and morning,
Gave the seed time and the harvest,
From his blanket spilt the raindrops,
From his quiver shot the lightnings,
Painted blossoms on the hillside.

Minas was his pond of beavers ;
And the whales he drove to harness,
And the white bears were his bulldogs,
And their nests the eagles builded
In the foldings of his mantle.

All around his purple wigwam
Caribou and deer were sporting,
Foxes, squirrels, wolves and panthers ;
Men and beasts all spoke one language
And together dwelt as brothers,
While good Glooskap smiled upon them,
Kept them warm and gave them plenty.
She, his squaw, he decked in jewels,—
Bands of gold upon her forehead,
Strings of jacinth in her tresses,
Calcite crystals for her ear-drops,
'Neath her nose a bell of rubies,
And her robe was sewed with silver
With embroidery of sapphire,
While her armlets and her anklets
Were such chains of jade and jasper,
Diamond, amethyst and opal,
That, when strolling near her wigwam
In the forest-trails of heaven,
Many a skipper in his shallop
Shouted o'er the Bay of Fundy,
“ See ! a new star yonder lighted ! ”

She had all that Earth could give her—
All and yet she was unhappy,
Ever restless, discontented
In the thought of things imagined.
And she went to Glooskap weeping

And besought him for a favor ;
Would he put his whales to harness,
Give them wings upon their shoulders,
Lash them through the heavenly spaces,
Snatch the dogstar, and, returning,
Bring it to her for a trinket ?

Then good Glooskap saw his folly,
And he stripped her of her jewels,—
Every glittering gaud tore from her,
And, with many an angry gesture,
Strewed them down the deepening twilight
All around the Bay of Minas.
Showers of precious gems came twinkling
Till it seemed the stars were falling.

Then cried Glooskap to the Ocean :
“ Now arise and do my bidding !
Go and come each night and morning ;
Go at morn and come at midday ;
Go at noon and come at sunset ;
Go at dusk and come at midnight ;
Flow and ebb through many fathoms ;
Go and come above the jewels
That my haughty queen dishonored.
Go till she shall see them shining
Where the sunken rocks lie naked,
But, when she shall stoop to pick them,
Run and hide them ! Run and hide them !
Thus, revealing and concealing,
Thou shalt go and come forever.”

Glooskap long ago departed—
Furled his wigwam and departed—
Beckoned home his truant eagles,

Put his spotted whales to harness,
Lashed them through the foaming ocean
To the seas beyond the sunset.

Then the stone canoe he paddled
In the bay became an island,
And his fishing-rod a causeway
Leading to it o'er the water ;
And the fog his wigwam's shadow ;
And his bulldogs, turned to granite,
Blomidon, their old name, bearing,
Crouch and howl above the Basin.

So the tides, each night and morning,
Go and come as Glooskap bade them ;
Go and come, a fretful ocean,
Go and come in playful frenzy,
Snatching every shining pebble
From the fingers of the squaw-queen ;
Go and come, ten mighty fathoms,
Go and come above the jewels,
And shall go and come forever.

THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.

With lungs of iron and wings of flame,
With nerves and sinews of quivering steel,
With ribs of brass and a giant's frame
He spurns the earth with an angry heel.
Through midnight black
His eyeballs glare
With a ghastly stare
On the startled track,
And he rends the sky with a scream of pain—
O, a monster grim is the lightning train.

The legend tells of a milk-white steed
That carried Mohammed from earth to heaven ;
As swift as a flash of light her speed,
And jeweled wings to her feet were given.

Each leap was as far
As eye hath sight,
Each hoof was as bright
As a blazing star ;
And a gleam like the stream a comet yields
Al Borak left in the rosy fields.

A wonderful arrow was that of old
That bore Saint Abaris through the land ;
It was feathered with light and barbed with gold,
And sped by the touch of Apollo's hand.

With sibilant song
It cleft the cloud,
That shouted aloud
As it flashed along,
And the sea never saw, from its throbbing tide,
A vision so rare as the prophet's ride.

The Sultan's cap and magical wand
Bore Fortunatus to isles remote ;
The talisman took him to every land
And to every sky in its airy boat ;
But the shining shaft
From the archer's arm,
Aladdin's charm,
And the phantom craft,
And the steed that skimmed the azure plain,
Are all combined in the flying train.

It devours the forest and drinks the lake,
Then plunges down the wild ravines

With the wealth of the world on its burdened back ;
 A sooty man from the saddle leans,
 And a murky wreath
 Its jaws emit
 As he tightens the bit
 In the dragon's teeth,
 And his cheek is swept by the fiery mane—
 O, a monster grim is the lightning train !

GUIBORD AT THE GATE.⁵

SCENE: Parapet of Paradise ; principal Gate.

TIME: Morning.

JOSEPH GUIBORD SPEAKS :

Hail, Holy Father ! Gladly I salute you !
 Painfully have I sought your sacred presence ;
 Hoist your portcullis, warder, don't mind my
 Incomplete apparel.

ST. PETER SPEAKS :

Joseph, you ghost you ! Tell me where your bones are ?
 No harbor here for people without bodies !
 Why have you left your skeleton behind you ?
 Who's got your baggage ?

Didst thou forget it, suddenly awaking ?
 Or, in desperation, sell it to the devil ?
 Or, impecunious, lend it to your Uncle ?
 Speak, wretched mollusc !

GUIBORD SPEAKS :

Father ! I've neither spouted it nor sold it,
 Yet had to leave it on my native planet,
 They mobbed my widow when she tried to put it
 In the cemetery.

Good pious people fought around my body—
 Fought six years, with curses, fire and axes—
 Finally one set buried it and piled ten
 Tons of rock upon it.

Other set one night prowled around and got it,
 Filled up the hole, turfed it over nicely,
 Carried off the bones to a mill adjacent—
 Ground 'em into phosphates!

ST. PETER SPEAKS.

Come in, Joseph! You are one of our folks!
 Victim of folly, fraud and superstition!
 Joseph, pardon my keeping you a-standing
 Out in the cold there.

Earth seems just as full of fools as ever!
 Poor creed-mongers couldn't let your bones rest;
 I'll make it sultry if they come around here
 Fooling with the knocker.

ECHOES ON THE SIDE WALL.⁶

OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART IN NEW YORK
 CITY.

Retreat of marble cripples from afar—
 Collection calculated to cajole a
 City to drag in its triumphal car
 Its excavator, General Di Cesnola—
 ECHO: "*O la!*"

Harbor of Aphrodite with six fingers,
 And "Hope" discovered in a mausoleum,
 Hospital where deformed Apollo lingers,
 And Cupid wrestles with the mumps, Museum—
 ECHO: "*See 'em!*"

O, tell me, are the wild repairs completed,—
 These gods amorphous from the Golgoi garden ?
 Or must they still through endless years be "treated"
 By processes detected by Feuardent ?

ECHO : "*Few are done !*"

What doth the antiquarian with these ?
 With shapeless vases and Phœneccian medals ?
 With four-winged Juno with the bulgy knees ?
 And slender Venus with stupendous pedals ?

ECHO : "*Peddles !*"

Where were they found ? At Salamis ? Golgoi ?
 On Cyprus in an island rather spacious ?
 These "treasures" from the neighborhood of Troy
 Found in a dozen lands were quite migrations—

ECHO : "*My gracious !*"

Why did they use this plaster, putty, glue,
 Cement, wood, varnish, in the transformations ?
 What did they seek with these "repairs" in view ?
 What did they seek in all these "restorations" ?

ECHO : "*Rations !*"

And is this art ?—this gluing on of mirrors ?
 This splicing out of portions maxillary ?
 This multiplying of archaic terrors ?
 This carpentring so extraordinary ?

ECHO : "*Nary !*"

O, august temple of the maniac Muses !
 Shrine of the art of Phidias in dilution,
 Where Psyche hides behind her wounds and bruises—
 Why wert thou built, thou bricken institution ?

ECHO : "*To shun !*"

PLEA FOR CAPTAIN MARY.⁷

Uncle Sam ! A woman calls you—
 In her steamboat overhauls you,
 Hovering on Nebraska's borders
 Trumpeting a captain's orders,
 While the storm, in triple fury,
 Rages down the brown Missouri.
 She exclaims " fair play !—no favor ! "
 Never was a woman braver ;
 Heed the call and pass the tiller
 To the hand of Mary Miller !

" Woman's work is sewing, mending,
 Washing, baking, baby-tending "—
 Yes, I know, but Mary's baby
 Has outgrown the nursery, may be,
 And its father, helpless, lying
 In the cabin, slowly dying,
 Never more will face the weather
 In the craft they've served together.
 Sam ! Have sense ; and pass the tiller
 To the hand of Mary Miller !

Women can't all live in leisure
 Waltzing to the waltz's measure,
 Opera-going, reading sonnets,
 Wearing fancy Easter bonnets,
 Nor can home life, warmly human,
 Find a place for every woman.
 Some, unlike the richer neighbor,
 Join the jostling ranks of labor,
 At the desk, the oar, the tiller—
 Honor, then, to Mary Miller !

Brave Grace Darling, Peggy Martin,
Jane McCrea and Clara Barton,
Molly Stark and Molly Pitcher
Make our history's pages richer.
And remember Debby Tompson,
Lois Hull and Becky Samson,
Fighting in the ranks and wounded
In the war our nation founded—
Still there's room on Fame's broad pillar—
For the name of Mary Miller !

Uncle ! Mary's made a study
Of the blustering " Big Muddy : "—
Knows its snags and sandbars hidden,
Knows the bend by snake-heads ridden,
Knows the whirlpool in the water
Where has walked the " witch's daughter ; "
Knows the bluff by shadows haunted—
Knows, and steers the craft undaunted ;
Danger flies when at the tiller
Stands the plucky Mary Miller.

Sam ! Your secretary, Folger,
Says " The mariner and soldier
Must be men. Whate'er may happen,
Mary Miller can't be cap'n ! "
But she is ! The hard position
She has filled, with no commission.
Don't withhold it. 'Tis ungallant
Thus to hamper pluck and talent.
Stand aside ! hands off the tiller !
It belongs to Mary Miller.

SONNETS.

U. S. GRANT.

“Dead!” So we call it in our helpless phrase.
Not so! He lives and joins the joyous throng.
Life leads him down her fair, familiar ways
Proudly, and with exultant voice and strong
Recounts his deeds and chants the victor’s song.
He dieth not whose knightly presence sways
The centuries; whose sword and speech belong
Unto the endless future’s luminous days.
He lives for aye whose purpose, grand and tall,
Beneath the love of millions plants its root
And lifts a living bloom for all to see—
He walks with heroes through a splendid hall;
The tomb is but a dais for his foot;
The shroud a garment for his jubilee!

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.⁸

Fremont, whose spirit made the mountains free;
Tireless explorer, fierce and chivalrous knight,
Who set the flag on many a gallant height
And planted it beside the peaceful sea;
Path-cleaver of an empire yet to be,
Who sowed a desert waste with blossoms bright,
And sleepest now in gardens of delight—
Columbia doffs her Phrygian cap to thee,
And prays that thine example may abound;
That other sons, in wafting thee adieu,
May catch thine aspiration free and strong,
Climb up these paths till other heights are found,
Forever trim thy fragrant torch anew
And swell through endless years the chorus of thy song.

LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.⁹

Lamar ! when prescient sponsors bent above
Thy cradle, with prophetic eye they saw
Thy lines of fate the mystic Parcæ draw
In Roman symbols : energy to prove,
Courage to dare, and eloquence to move,
A pulse of sympathy and hand of law,
A will impliant as a lion's jaw
And heart as lissome as a woman's love.

And so they gave thee name of olden time
To match with merits of an age outgrown,
Fraught with suggestions grand, austere, sublime ;
And by this measure be thy memory known :
Errors endemic of the hour and clime,
And virtues stern and high, unique and all thine own

THURLOW WEED.¹⁰

Untitled Warwick of this Western land !
Ruler of rulers ! Priam of the press !
“ Dictator ” swayed by such unselfishness
That others' profit thou hast ever planned ;
O, lend the presence of thy prudent hand
Once more unto our councils ! Let us feel
The glove of velvet on the grip of steel
As when the legions moved at thy command.
The word for justice spoken never dies,
But soars and sings along immortal skies ;
So shall thy self-forgetting spirit fall
On some young athlete, sinewy and tall,
And fill him with the noble soul that cries :
“ Naught for myself, but for my country all ! ”

JUAREZ, THE DELIVERER.¹¹

The glory of a noble race art thou !
Law-giver, soldier, rebel, refugee,
The love of Country and of Liberty
Shield of thy breast and helmet of thy brow !
What faith upheld that lion-hearted vow
And bound thy patriot followers to thee
Till all the worn and harried realm was free,
Blooming with peace, as we behold it now !

Free Mexico records thy matchless worth !
Free Mexico salutes thy shining brand !
Free Mexico, exultant in thy birth,
Proud of the courage of thy conquering hand,
Crowns thee, in presence of the applauding earth,
The second savior of a grateful land !

SAMUEL BOWLES.

Wise journalist ! We bow before thy bier,
And touch it gently as it passeth by ;
We reverently mark the purpose-high
That shone along the path of thy career
Making all luminous the atmosphere !
No master's collar and no party's chain
For love, or fear of loss, or hope of gain,
Thou ever wore thro all thy journey here.

Thy breath is gone, thy fluttering pulse is still,
But thy rich life is only just begun ;
The quick seed of a high achievement will
Spring up and blossom on from sun to sun,
And bear ambrosial fruit from sea to sea—
Oh, this is Wisdom's sweetest immortality !

THOMAS SIMMS.¹²

The mills of the gods grind slowly, we are told ;
 Oppression's castle-walls are adamant,
 While earthly justice is a century-plant
 Whose royal glories languidly unfold.
 Not so, O, Thomas Simms ! thy heart must hold
 Within its sunny depths a happier creed ;
 Thou hast beheld the back of Bondage bleed,
 The hapless children from their mother sold,
 And suddenly, as by a bolt from heaven,
 The huckster smitten down upon his face,
 While in a moment all the chains were riven
 And Freedom bending o'er a prostrate race !
 O, wondrous sight to angels and to men—
 The leap of Simms the Slave to Simms the Citizen !

COLD WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.

Come, meditative Muse—fantastic fay !
 Come, rack your scone and rake your tunes together ;
 Get up and rouse yourself without delay—
 Let's sing the weather !
 A dozen sorts in four and twenty hours ;
 December's roof's aleak, and dripping from it
 Is snow on Bladensburg's historic towers,
 And Oak View's summit.
 Hail, snow-flakes, snow-storms, snowdrifts heap on heap—
 Welcome are these, though slightly incommodious ;
 Tender thy strain in midst of Winter sleep
 Thou snowier melodious !
 Now blithe lads pelt each other with the snow ;
 Now roses deck the cheek and noses tingle,

And warm hearts hide beneath the buffalo,
And sleigh-bells jingle.

The jolly Wind a-serenading goes
To show each comely damsel what he kin do,
He plays on his catarrh and blows his snows
Beneath her window.

The laggard locomotive plies the plow ;
The festive farmer flourishes the shovel ;
A cloak of snow masks and disguises now
Highway and hovel.

Behold the ice upon Potomac freeze,
And Billy bellows like a bull of Bashan
When he falls down and bumps his head and sees
A constellation.

The pipes are froze ! No water, cold or hot ;
And often, as you seldom do in summer,
You seek the Sultan of the Soldering-pot—
The opulent plumber !

Later ! It thaws, with mercury thirty-six !
Ah, well ; although the freeze is rather flimsy,
No Muse is hampered by the weather's tricks
Or Winter's whimsey.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN

ON RECEIVING AN " OVATION " AT TRENTON, N. J., IN 1863.

When Little Mac from sound of guns retreated,
What cheap applause the Jersey welkin shook !
How he was flattered, glorified and greeted
As he the saddle for the stump forsook !
Pope was the only foe he e'er defeated—
Trenton the only town he ever took !

A NEW YEAR SUMMARY.¹³

Another year ! Another year
With motley promises is here.
The air is frigid and severe,
And on the frozen lakes appear
The skaters filled with merry cheer
And eke with beer.

The poplars drop their dead leaves sere
That drift and drown within the mere ;
The chimney, like a grenadier,
Struts o'er the roof-top to uprear
Its smoky banner in the clear
Cerulean winter atmosphere.
The Czar is acting very queer ;
With warlike front and mien austere,
Marking his will to domineer,
He slyly builds the privateer,
He trains the Cossack canoneer
And bids the Balkan mountaineer
To watch the Austrian frontier
And grind his spear.

King William watches his career,
Addresses him as "cousin chere,"
And hopes that ere the world shall hear
The tumult of the combat drear,
Some friendly neighbor, strong and near,
Will interfere.

See England's paralyzed Premier !
Yonder the Slavic chanticleer,
Hither the Celtic mutineer,
And Churchill ceases to cohere,
Abandoning his charioteer ;

While every human eye and ear
Watches the fray with doubt and fear
And hope sincere.

Ah! Listen to the poet-peer
With his reactionary sneer
Embellished with the Locksley leer;
He on the phantom burial bier
Of the false future drops a tear,
Forgetting all the Muse's sphere,
Forgetting Clara Vere de Vere,
Forgetting Arthur's cavalier.
And Arden true and Dora dear,
And Time, of all tellural gear
The auctioneer.

Come back, O Muse, and reappear
In Washington. The name revere!
The air is frigid and severe,
As down Life's corridors we steer,
While for us all is new born here
Another year!

PENSIVE.

She leant on his arm by the wicker-gate,
On Q street West, when the moon was low,
And looked in his face with the eyes of fate
And a smile that only angels know.
He drew her close with his clasping arm,
And wondered what her trouble could be;
His bosom heaved with a wild alarm,
"What is it, my darling?" murmured he.
"My sweet!" said she,
"It seems to me
I kinder smell an ailanthus tree."

LIBERTY YEARNING TO LIGHT THE WORLD.¹⁴

Down New York Bay I swiftly passed
Where o'er me loomed a column vast,
From heel to head a mighty span,
In stature most Gargantuan.
'Twas Liberty's colossal bride
That watched above the heaving tide.
Darkness around ; her giant hand
Thrust upward an unkindled brand.
Her eye glanced o'er the darkling path ;
Her cheek of bronze was red with wrath ;
Her shining peplum heaved with scorn
And pity for a land forsworn.
Her parted lips—see ! see ! she speaks !
Her voice in angry thunder breaks,
And rings along the starless night ;
“ Give us a light ! ”

So now, each night, as sailors range,
The sights and sounds are goblin strange ;
Her angry foot the island shakes ;
With wounded pride her bosom quakes ;
And down her night-enchanted face
The tears of rage each other chase.
She shouts aloud and shakes on high
Her empty torch against the sky,
And sends adown the darkened Bay
A stormy growl that seems to say :
“ Ho ! Opulent city out of sight,
From Battery Place to Harlem's Height,
Arouse ! And make my beacon bright
To banish all the murky night—
“ Give us a light ! ”

ONLY YESTERDAY.

READ AT MY SISTER'S SILVER WEDDING.

The world is full of miracles: for only yesterday
I dwelt next door, not thirty years ago, as others say.
'Twas yesterday I went and came and drove the plow afield,
And stowed into the bursting barn the meadow's fragrant
yield.

'Twas yesterday I dwelt next door, scarce thirty days ago,
And yoked the brindle steers and heard the lonesome cattle
low,

And down into the corner lot I took my scythe to mow.
I loved to lean upon the snath when father was away,
And always heard the dinner horn—'twas only yesterday.

'Twas yesterday we all lived there, beyond the Ditches—thus
Old Time, the nimble wizard, comes and plays his tricks with
us.

I saw the babbling Wepawaug dance seaward with its song,
And heard the mill-wheel groaning and droning all day long.
How Uncle Zeri went and came, a phantom clad in white,
And how we watched the hopper in its ague of delight,
And how the buckets climbed and fell like many a wayward
sprite!

And how I hooked the neighbor's pears; and how, without
delay,
That neighbor set his dog on me—'twas only yesterday.

Beneath the stately elm's green arch I swung the laughing
girls,

And caught my boyish fancy in the meshes of their curls;
I saw them in their Sunday seats across the gallery wide,
In Sunday garb complacent on the church's starboard side;
And one—her cheeks were rosy and her eyes a heavenly
blue—

She led me down a forest path and showed me in the dew
Where spicy wintergreen and jeweled checkerberries grew.
I kissed her once, or twice, perhaps, or thrice,—what's that
you say?

“She's now grandmother”? Nonsense! Why, 'twas only
yesterday.

'Twas yesterday the bees came forth to feel the sunshine
warm,

Sent out their reconnoitering queen and followed in a swarm
And this same girl we meet to-night who wears her silver
crown,

Excited, ran with clanging pan to call the truants down.

'Twas yesterday I drove the cows from meadows where they
fed—

The moolies of a devious breed and Devons dappled red,
And stooped to milk the heifer that we bought of Uncle Jed.
I knew that she was young and proud, but not that she was
gay,

Till I heels over head was kicked—'twas only yesterday.

And yesterday, O, how we planned the parties for the Shore,
And packed the picnic baskets high with eatables galore!
The balmy bath, the sportive game, the romp beneath the
trees,

The bouyant sail upon the Sound before the quickening
breeze,

The song, the dance, the merry jest, the banter and replies,
And, O, the havoc that we made with mother's chicken
pies—

I see the dear one now with tears of laughter in her eyes!
Her hand was always ready and her heart was always May,
And young as any in our sports—'twas only yesterday.

Those jolly times, the sewing-bees, the forfeit to the miss,
The ride to Copenhagen on the bridging of a kiss,
Where oats, peas, beans and barley grew for every Jack and
Jill,

“Open the ring and choose one in!” I hear the music still.
Since then, what pain and pleasure blent! what tangled joy
and woe!

What gains and losses! And, alas, what inward tears that
flow!

Thinking of them, it may have been—we’ll say, a year ago.
But father, sitting here serene, still ready for the play,
Though labeled 86, proclaims ’twas only yesterday.

I often took her by the hand—my little sister here,
And led her off to school each morn throughout the changing
year.

I taught her how to make mud-pies. I brought the robin’s
nest,
And marked the trees along the road whose apples were the
best.

At last, when I resigned the charge, ’twas not a week before
They said another chap (it was the same old tale of yore),
Had taken up the vacant hand—the boy that lived next door.
And here to-night I look across their big boy’s head and say,
“I care not for these pranks of time—’twas only yesterday!”

GUY FAWKES, WILKES BOOTH, THOMASSEN.

Three miscreants in three distant countries born,
England, Virginia, Prussia, did adorn:
The first in appetite for blood surpassed,
The next in perfidy, in both the last.
To shape the third did Nature’s self undo—
She broke the mould that formed the other two.

THE LEGEND OF PELOT'S BAY.¹⁵

In the great lake, Pe-ton-bon-que,
On the long and slender island,—
On the island, Goo-ray-un-tee,—
To the Iroquois the gateway,
Ruling all the Huron empire
Dwelt Maquam, the mighty chieftain.

Dwelt Maquam in savage splendor.
All the nations paid him homage
From the eastern hills of azure
To the far-off flaming sunset—
From the northern seas of crystal
To the wilderness of roses
Where the bloody river tinkles,
Flinging chimes of mellow music
Round the red Che-on-der-o-ga.

Now the island rang with laughter.
All the warriors made merry ;
All the squaws, with joyous clamor,
Tighter clasped the brown papooses ;
All the wigwams flamed with color
Like the maples in the corn-time ;
All the white canoes went flying
Like the gulls across the water ;
All the children trimmed their girdles
With the feathery willow catkins
And around the King they galloped
Pounding on their drums of deer-skin.

For a century's war was ended.
Peace had come to Petonbonque. .
He, the great Maquam, had said it ;

With the foes his father's father
Learned to hate and loved to vanquish
He had smoked the pipe of friendship,
And the bloody hatchet buried
Near the Mohawk's granite altar.

And the kings, in solemn council,
Had arranged a royal wedding :
Scion of the daring Mohawk
To the daughter of the Huron—
Thus to live in peace thereafter.
" Father ! " said the Huron maiden,
" That thy royal word be honored,
And no more thy people perish,
Go I with the Mohawk warrior."

Then, communing with the Spirit,
Strode Maquam into the forest,
Over stream and meadow seeking
Ta-ron Hi-a-wa-gan mighty—
God of all the Huron nation.
Hiawagan pitched his wigwam
On the fleecy clouds of morning,
And he trailed his silken banners
From the battlements of sunset.
He had made the lake and forest ;
Made the caribou and pickerel ;
Made the Iroquois and Huron ;
Made the sky-aspiring eagles—
Taught them how to find his wigwam.
He could summon want or plenty—
Bring calamity or blessing.
So the King in meekness sought him :
" O, thou dread and awful Spirit,

Give the Hurons now thy promise !
Vouch their Sagamore a token !
Send us Yos-ke-ha, the Doer,
Answerer of supplications,
Yoskeha, thine only grandson,
That he may, because he loves us,
Just within our happy island
Fashion for my daughter's dowry
From the lake, a dainty lakelet,
Fairest he has e'er created ;
Bluer than the kindled sapphire ;
With a beach of shining pebbles
And a breath of balm and balsam,
Where the trees exhale sweet odors,
Where the water-lilies blossom,
Where the fawns confiding wander,
Where the fish are fair and plenty,
And the summer hath no fervors,
That the Mohawks, when they see it,
Shall exclaim, " a bower of beauty !
Taran Hiawagan planned it—
Yoskeha, the Doer, made it,—
Witness how they love the Hurons ! "

Straight the chieftain's prayer was answered.

Yoskeha bent calmly earthward,
Softly drew his middle finger
Down the island, Goorayuntée—
Down the side that sees the sun set.
All the trees and rocks were skyward
Flung before the touch colossal.
All the deer stood still and shivered.
All the fish in Petonbonque

Leaped into the air in terror,
As the lake, become responsive
Under Yoskeha's caresses,
Poured its cooling waters inland.

When the god, his hand withdrawing,
Calmed the sea and stilled the tempest,
There remained the slaty fragments
On a slender tongue of sea-grass
At the basin's shining entrance,
Washed by all the cooling billows,
Fanned by all the cooling breezes,—
Scarce a span it was across it.
Great Maquam, when he beheld it,
Shouted in a voice of thunder :
“ Now give thanks to Hiawagan
And his well beloved grandson—
Yoskeha, the mighty Doer !
Bigger gods than Minabozho—
Bigger gods than all the pygmies
That the Pequots have to pray to ! ”
And the voice of thunder sounded
From the lake to where the sun sets.

On the slender tongue of sea-grass
By the basin's shining entrance
There the Mohawk pitched his wigwam ;
There the princess wove her wampum,
Ground her samp and rocked the babies,
And the King, his people happy,
Came and slumbered by the doorway :
Slumbered, dreaming of the future—
Dreaming of the dreaded pale face,
Of the wondrous wooden wigwams

On the slender tongue of sea-grass,
 And canoes that smoked and bellowed,
 Flying down the lake like swallows
 Churning it to foamy laughter.
 "War is done!" they heard him murmur.
 And they saw a great white eagle,
 Poising ever, resting never,
 Soaring over Petonbonque.

COMPENSATION.

CITIZEN :

Who's dead, good sexton? Why those chimes
 You've struck the bell a hundred times!

SEXTON :

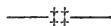
Puir mon! puir mon! the church's pillar—
 None else than Peter Grist, the miller.

CITIZEN :

Not Peter! Then your bell is wrong
 He was but fifty. For as long
 As I have lived I always knew
 How old he was, and—

SEXTON :

Yes, 'tis true ;
 But, dear, in ringin' him awa'
 I gav' him more than was the law ;
 'Twill please him, for the goody soul
 Was foud of takin' dooble toll.



Deem that day gained whose low-descending sun
 Sees at thy hand no scaly action done.

THE HAUNTED LAKE AT COOPERSTOWN.¹⁶

The sunset trails across the wave
The shadow of the violet hills,
And where the shining bowl outspills
The largess that the mountains gave,
An unseen Presence all the purple twilight fills.

I walk beside the haunted lake ;
I listen to its whispering shore ;
I softly dip an elfin oar
And float away, where phantoms wake
The consciousness of night along the rippling floor.

Through deepening dusk the day has fled ;
Beside my skiff a ghostly bark
Drifts suddenly athwart the dark,
A goblin sail flaps overhead—
They've come again to-night—old Hutter and his ark !

I hear a sob along the wave ;
'Tis Hetty's spirit, unconsolated,
Still hovering, sadly, as of old,
Where, growing from her mother's grave,
A lily-stem stands mute, and lifts a crown of gold.

The rippling laugh of Wah-ta-wah
Floats over, and her lover proud
Sings to the maid his song, aloud ;
I hasten to the trysting—ah !
Too late ! An eagle's scream drops downward from a cloud !

I know that up yon gloomy hill
Young Judith lingers, fair and sad,
While Natty Bumpo, mountain-clad,
Leans on his trusty rifle still
And scans the scene unmoved—a forest Galahad.

The gathering thunder cloud a veil
O'er Leatherstocking's cave has hung,
But where the gorge yawns black among
The highest pines, a thrilling wail
Floats out upon the tide—the dirge the Mingoës sung.

Their camp-fire twinkles in the trees :
Otsego rock 'tis blazing nigh ;
The dirge becomes a battle-cry
Of fury on the awakened breeze ;
A Huron yells and swings a bloody scalp on high !

A hundred spectral fancies start ;
A hundred eerie voices wake
At thy command in bush and brake,
O, Master of the magic art
Whose wand has wrought the spell—O, Wizard of the Lake.

SENSITIVENESS.

“ How are you, Johnny Jones, my friend ?
And so you're spliced, my boy ! ”
I slapped him cordially and cried,
“ Old Jack ! I wish you joy ! ”

I never saw a man so mad ;
He stamped upon the ground,
And talked swear-words and danced and writhed
And twisted round and round.

I turned to run, when he remarked
To quiet my alarm,
“ O, Jim ! I'm vaccinated there—
Don't touch me on that arm ! ”

THE FRIAR OF CAMPOBELLO.¹⁷

I will tell you whence the Friar came,
Standing sentinel at Campobello.

Sad tale ! Father's mother heard the same
From an Openango, bent and yellow,—
Grizzled dame !

I will tell you whence the Friar came.

Long ago—a thousand moons and more,—
Old Bashawba, dwelling on the highland
Just above the cliff, from shore to shore
Ruled the fortunes of the cool, green island—
Hearth and store—

Long ago—a thousand moons and more.

All his wigwam-empire, like a king—
Isles of Cobscook and canoes of Quoddy—
He encompassed in his magic ring ;
Masterful, nor fearing anybody,
Governing

All his wigwam-empire like a king.

Proud and cruel Sagamore was he,
But he cherished there his only daughter ;
She was sweeter than the balsam tree,
Fairer than the moon upon the water—
Nicassee !—

Proud and cruel Sagamore was he.

As she saw her image in the tide,
And discerned that she was tall and stately,
She, so lithe of limb and gentle eyed,
Dreamed about the youth who stole so lately
To her side,
As she saw her image in the tide,

Micmac youth from Acadie afar,
Stalwart, graceful, bold, audacious lover ;
Borne in Neptune's fragile birchen car,
Nicassee's bright eyes had drawn him over
Like a star—
Micmac youth from Acadie afar.

"Father," she had pleaded, "he is mine ;
When I saw him first I knew his mission ;
All his friends and kinfolk shall be thine—
War shall end in granting Love's petition ;
Heed the sign !
Father," she had pleaded, "he is mine !"

Thus the haughty Sagamore's reply :
"Micmac eagle has a daring pinion,
But a wicked claw and cruel eye ;
If he fly again to my dominion,
He shall die !"
Thus the haughty Sagamore's reply.

Now she watches, leaning o'er the wave :
Watches keen and like a partridge listens ;
Nothing seen upon the water save
Where a paddle in the moonlight glistens.
'Tis her brave !
Now she watches, leaning o'er the wave.

When they meet with eager clasp of hand
Pledging each to each to love forever,
Old Bashawba. sleeping on the sand,
Wakes and, yelling, springs with bow and quiver
To the strand,
When they meet with eager clasp of hand.

Drawing angry weapon to the head
 Stands the Sagamore in wrathful sorrow,
 "King and sire!" cries Nicassee, "instead
 Of the Micmac, give my heart the arrow!"
 Hate is sped
 Drawing angry weapon to the head.

Then turns Nicassee to Heaven in prayer—
 "Good Sazoos! O witness our affection!
 Make the shaft fall harmless on the air!
 Grant, Oh, grant the Micmac thy protection!"
 Kneeling there
 Then turns Nicassee to Heaven in prayer.

Morning came, and what a sight was shown!
 Good Sazoos, the god who rules the planet,
 Had in mercy heard the maiden's moan
 And the cruel chief was turned to granite—
 Struck to stone!
 Morning came, and what a sight was shown!

I have told you whence the Friar came,
 Standing sentinel at Campobello;
 Hermits pale have changed the sounding name
 From the Openango, strong and mellow,—
 Yet the same!
 I have told you whence the Friar came.

—††—

Said a great Congregational preacher
 To a hen "You're a beautiful creature!"
 The fowl, just for that,
 Laid two eggs in his hat,—
 And thus did the Hen-re-ward Beecher.

THANKSGIVING.

What a din and a discord is Thanksgiving Day
With its preaching and pudding, its pottage and play ;
Its country reunions anear and afar
Afoot and a-horseback, by carriage and car,
The trader and farmer, mechanic and tar,
Whoever the wandering prodigals are ;
The lean and the brawny, the blind and the lame,
To eat chicken-pie and give thanks for the same !

Pack baggage and go to bed early to-night
Resolved to turn out at the first peep of light,
Then rise before dawn with a cold in your head
And scold at the servant and grumble at Fred ;
Since midnight all sleep from your pillow has fled
For the baby has scattered its crumbs in the bed ;
Then rush to the depot—while children all lag—
With trunk, parcel, band-box, umbrella and bag.

“ All aboard ! ” There ! Matilda's lost one of her shoes !
But Bob has the bird-cage and Ma has the blues,
And Jane has the mumps and Jerusha has fear
That something is certainly left in the rear ;
And the baby has fun, for the sweet little dear
Drops its hat out the window and plums in its ear.
And Pa growls—(the tickets are under his foot,)
“ Dear Suzz ! I do wonder where them has been put ! ”

To church ! How the preacher expands with his theme
As the old deacon curls in his corner to dream.
To the table ! Now grandfather murmurs a grace
Preceding the great Epicurean race,
Then turkeys and pigs disappear in their place
And puddings reflect in each satisfied face !

Till baby has butter on four of its toes
And the drip of a wing has anointed its nose.
O, day of our days ! Of our system the sun !
Thou grim consecration of Yankeeified fun !
The prayer of the Scotch o'er the dish of the Dutch.
Thy pilgrims repent if they dine overmuch.
O, long may thy worshipful devotees come
From east and from west and where'er they may roam
To a tenderer call than the roll of the drum
And blest be the hurry of prodigals home !
And blest be the clamor of children at play !
And blest be the hubbub of Thanksgiving Day !

THE STORY OF CAPE DESPAIR.¹⁸

Skipper, beware ! On the starboard bow
A sharp cliff juts from the misty shore
And flings its foam from an angry prow ;
Cape Hope (D'Espoir) is the name it bore,
But Cape Despair they call it now
For the tragedy wrought of yore.

Nigh two centuries since Queen Anne
Sent her armada to storm Quebec—
Scores of ships and thousands of men ;
And she cried to Sir Hovenden on the deck,
“ Take it or never show face again !—
Take it or drive to wreck ! ”

He swept the sea and he paused to rest
Where Pictou shines by the dancing wave ;
That eve their prettiest maid and best
The Acadians unto her lover gave—
A spousal at Hymen's high behest—
The lovely wedding the brave.

“Debark and get thee a goodly sight !”
The tempting whisper of Satan ran,
“A woodland nymph in her beauty dight
Will go, mayhap, with the strongest man ;
’Twere fitter she wedded a gallant knight
Of the royal Lady Anne !”

As the maiden knelt, with trembling lip,
In robe of white at her lover’s side,
The Admiral seized her with ruffian grip
And unto the struggling captive cried
As he dragged her back to the waiting ship,
“Now you’re a sailor’s bride !”

Northward Sir Hovenden made full sail,
But down from Labrador’s darkened coast
The Storm-king sent him a frozen gale
And the fleet on Cape D’Espoir was tossed ;
From the rueful wreck there rose a wail—
The wail of a countless host.

And now, when the moon is drowned in clouds,
A ghost-ship drives through the blinding storm ;
Her deck is alive with clamorous crowds,
And out of the midst of the mad alarm
An officer leans from the larboard shrouds
With a dead girl on his arm.

Yes, dead, I say, in a robe of white ;
And oft the Admiral’s signal gun
Is heard ashore in the dead of night
When the ghost-ship over the reef has run,
And the girl’s eyes glow with a fiery light
As the ship goes dancing on !

O, skipper ! I speak the truth. Beware !
 I see her face from the misty shore.
 I hear ascend through the midnight air
 A wailing above the tempest's roar ;
 " Cape Hope " no longer, but " Cape Despair "
 For the tragedy wrought of yore.

ON RETIRING FROM OFFICE.

SOME REMARKS TO DAME COLUMBIA ON DECLINING A
RENOMINATION.

Thanks, Madam !—but excuse me !
 You are very kind to choose me ;
 You are very good to say I've served with honesty and zeal ;
 And I say that same myself—
 I'm no raker up of pelf
 And I've tried to do my duty by the ancient commonweal.
 Politicians come to sound me,
 But 'tis pleasant to be free
 And have loving friends around me—
 No more offices for me !

Why, Madam, I was candid ;
 I was rather open-handed,
 And I thought that I was honest when I got the people's
 vote ;
 But the papers called me " jobber "
 " Boodle snatcher," " villain," " robber "
 And other playful epithets too numerous to note.
 O, of course, " mere party capers,"
 But 'tis better to be free
 From these funny morning papers—
 No more offices for me !

They exposed my "evil nature ;"
 I had bribed the Legislature ;
 I was rotten with corruption ; I had sold my vote for lust ;
 Homeless orphans helpless wandered
 Whose small legacy I'd squandered—
 The first I ever heard about the orphans or the trust.
 Nonsense, Madam ! You'll not miss me,
 And 'tis sweeter to be free
 With my little girl to kiss me—
 No more offices for me !

 Madam, hear me ! I could stand it
 To be called a thief and bandit ;
 But blows I'm callous to have hit my family a rap.
 Maud ran home from school and found me,
 And she flung her arms around me,
 And cried as if her heart would break—her head upon my
 lap—
 She had "heard about the papers."
 Ah ! Hereafter I'll be free
 With my children and their capers—
 No more offices for me !

THE BALANCE OF RIGHTS.

That bill of Wright's before the Legislature
 Would give the ballot to "that lovely creature,"
 But Croker shouts "It's violence to Nature !
 What right has woman, safe from war's alarms,
 To cast a ballot when she can't bear arms ?"
 "For shame !" cries Mrs. Hough in lofty dudgeon,
 "For shame ! Go to ! Get out, you old curmudgeon !
 What right have you, with all your talk bewilderin',
 To cast a ballot when you can't bear children ?"

THE FUGITIVES OF PENOBSCOT.

OR THE SLAVES OF HYMEN.

AIR: "A model Major General."

I live in Maine when I'm to home, not very fur from Andover.

And so did Nancy Hock when first I went to seek the hand of 'er.

I seen 'er at a huskin' bee they hed at Little Scuppineau ;
It knocked me flat to look at 'er,—I could 'er et 'er up, I know.

But w'en I popped the question there an' took 'er off to marry 'er,

Her father didn't understand an' chased us with the tarrier.
"Consarn a license !" I hed said ; " Why, darn the darned formality ! "

But now I found we needed it to give the splice legality,
And so, with buck-board kinder slim, and aspect kinder sinister,

I—a—ummmm—oh, yes !

We ransacked Maine from stem to stern to find a willin' minister.

O, what an opportunity the exigency did afford
The priests of Cheputnaticook and dominies of Biddeford !
At Macnaquack and Alligash, Sebesticook and Kennebunk.
My Nancy hed a dollar bed, but I was minus any bunk,
No parson, even for a fee, would listen to romantic us,
At old Aroostook, Kennebec, Peru or Agamenticus
At Lake Mooselucmaguntic, Chattaquan and Passadumkeag,
Umbagog and Cancomgamoc as far as Mattawumkeag.
A Quaker shook his head and said " Thou'rt lucky if thou winnest her, "

And—I—a—ummmm—oh, yes !

And then we cut adrift again and moseyed for a minister !

We pleaded with her relatives at Wallagosaquegamook,
At Pataquangomis, Squaw Lake, Piscatequis and Peggamook,
At Syslodobsis, Schoodic, Squam, at Moose and Moteseniock,—
No hospitality we found—no help, alas ! from any Hock.
The erring father just behind, we westward fled from Amity
Avoiding an encounter that might prove a great calamity ;
To Medybemps and Pemaguid, to Quohog and Pamgocamock
To old Chimquassibamtook's beach, and Skogatunkasoca-
mock.

Fled westward, steering clear of all her unrelenting kin
astir,

And—I—a—ummmm—oh, yes !

We made a pilgrimage of Maine, a huntin' for a minister.

Along the Molechunkamunk, around the wild Bascanhegun,
'Twas huckleberries saved our lives, for ah ! I hadn't any
gun ;
Through Chesuncook and Carritunk, Skowhegan and Sagada-
hoc—

And there, as Fate had willed it we came face to face with
daddy Hock !

" My children ! " he with rapture cried, and hugged as if to
smother us,

" Fly not to the Aroostook woods and run away and bother
us,

Oh, marry, love and settle down, at Souneunk or Walsegoek,
Behold the license for the deed I got at Essequalsegoek ! "

We wept in silence, then came back, and, looking somewhat
sinister,

To—I—we—ummmm—oh, yes !

Were hitched together by a mild Matamiscontis minister.

MOUNT HOPE, NARRAGANSETT BAY.¹⁹

I stroll through verdant fields to-day,
Through waving woods and pastures sweet,
And find the savage warrior's seat,
Where liquid voices of the bay
Babble in tropic tongues around its rocky feet.

I put my lips to Philip's spring ;
I sit in Philip's granite chair ;
And thence I climb up, stair by stair,
And stand where stood the martyr-king
When he, with eye of hawk, cleft the blue round of air.

On Narragansett's sunny breast
This necklace of fair islands shone,
And Philip, muttering "all my own !"
Looked North and South and East and West,
And waved his scepter from this alabaster throne.

His beacon on Pocasset Hill,
Far-shining with his dreaded fame
Whene'er the crafty Pequot came,
Blazed as the eyes of yonder mill
Blaze now at set of sun, in Day's expiring flame.

Always, at midnight, from a cloud,
An eagle swoops, and, hovering nigh,
Assails this peak with fearful cry
Of wrath and anguish, long and loud,
And plunges once again into the silent sky.

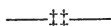
The Wampanoags, struck with dread,
To these green islands used to cling,
And watched this shrieking midnight thing
With bated breath, and, shuttering, said
" 'Tis angry Philip's voice—the spectre of the king !"

All things are changed. Here Bristol sleeps
 And dreams within her emerald tent ;
 Yonder are picnic tables bent
 Beneath their burden ; up the steeps
 The martial strains arise and songs of merriment.

I pluck an aster on the crest :
 It is a child of one, I know,
 Here plucked two hundred years ago
 And worn upon the slave-queen's breast ;—
 O, that this blossom had a tongue to tell its woe !

SENTIMENT.

That vacant chair ! That vacant chair !
 I lingered sadly musing there,
 And thought how late a sentient form
 Had pressed the crimson cushion warm,
 Now empty and untenanted ;
 And yet it thrilled me not with dread,
 Nay, pleasure rather—glad and free
 Its broad arms seemed to beckon me.
 I sat me down, and thought a space
 Of him so lately in my place ;
 Upon the velvet bank I laid
 My head, serene and unafraid.
 Ah, treacherous tranquillity !
 We feel secure when storms are nigh !
 Across my face that barber swope
 His brush, and filled my mouth with soap !



No dolt ere felt the subtle poke
 With good opinion of the joke,

COMMENT ON HIS LATER VERSES.

“Tumble nature heels o’er head, and yelling with the yelling street,

Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet.”

If you saw those lines this moment for the first time in your life,

Saw the crazy acrobatics, heard the racket and the strife,
What great poet would you fancy, writhing in immortal pain,
Had expelled the mighty couplet from his convoluted brain?
Would you think of playful Holmes recording a police assault?

Would it guess that Stedman writ it? would you charge it up to Walt?

O, my child, I’ll not deceive you, and I will delay no more
Telling you the wretched truth, although it make you sick and sore.

Nearer, child, O, lean and listen! It is Tennyson’s latest chord,—

His who hooted at De Vere before the Queen had called him
“Lord”—

Yes, my child, ’twas he who flipped it, for we heard the cynic’s call

As he tacked some tattered shingles on the roof of Locksley Hall.

Leave thy tuneless harp unfingered; leave it, Baron Tennyson!

Vanished is thine art, magician, and thy magic touch is gone.
Blind thy cherished orbs, O, Laureate, and thine aged fingers shake

Like the faltering wizard, Merlin, when he lingered by the lake.

Doff thy coronet, O, Veteran ; they but mock thee with the
gaud ;
Make a pen-rack of it—deck it with the quill that wrote of
“ Maud.”
They are sporting with thy weaknesses ; O, Master write no
more,
Lest thou meet the fate of Samson at the Dagon’s temple
door !

RECEIVED BY HIS PROTOTYPE—1893.

I lingered by the Square of Lafayette
On March 4th, eve ; a city beacon flung
Its flickering jet against the spangled sky,
When from the Avenue a carriage gay
Went dashing through the gate and up the path
That curves unto the Presidential door.

Just then I heard a joyous cry, “ Git up ! ”
And saw, amazed, in center of the Square,
Old Hickory prancing on the brazen steed
And digging deep the rowel in its flank.
He shouted once again, and, with a plunge,
His fearless charger cleared the iron fence
And leaped across the street and up the way.
I heard a voice—an earnest, cheery voice—
And listened to the burden of the speech :

“ Welcome back, O, Frank and Grover !
How it tickles me all over
Just to hear the truck that trundles
In with all your duds and bundles !
Seems a century since we parted—
Since you packed your things and started.

Four years changes ! You have known some
But I've been most awful lonesome.
Hurrah, neighbor ! Welcome back
From the lakes of Saranac !

" Ma'am, you're looking handsome, very,
Plump as partridge, brown as berry,
Pictures never catch your color—
Good deal paler, tamer, duller,—
Little Ruth, they say, you're bringing
For to fill the house with singing.
O, I've waited four long summers
Watching fashionable comers,
Homesick for to see you back
From the shades of Saranac.

" Though an oldish veteran, may be
You will let me hold the baby—
O, my arms are iron-plated ;
They have crushed the men I hated—
Biddle, Clay, Calhoun and Adams—
All my enemies, and madam's !
Ruth is different, altogether,
Bless her ! lighter than a feather !
Lucky day that brought you back
From the woods of Saranac.

Upon his hand of mail he took the babe
And gently dandled her and softly cooed
Some inarticulate wisdom in her ear,
Then in the mother's anxious arms replaced
The rosy child, in stately fashion bowed,"
And said " Good night ! I'll watch across the way."

He struck the brazen steed with both his spurs ;
It reared, and, with a single mighty bound,

Reoccupied the granite pedestal.
The cocked hat held he in his hand aloft,
Upon the bit he drew the tightened rein—
A single clang of sword and all was still.
A phantom griffin in the darkening air
The ghostly charger stood, his balance true,
Like Druid rocking-stone, or Pisan tower,
On Mills's celebrated hinder legs.

THE SILENT HORSEMAN.

A horseman halted at my door ;
All grey his beard and dull his eye ;
He turned an hour-glass in his hand
Bright shining with its silver sand
And whispered " From the silent shore—
Prepare—prepare to die ! "

With autumn leaves his brow was crowned,
And, leaning forward in his pall,
He spoke again beneath his breath,
" O, careless mortal ! I am Death !
My good steed moves without a sound—
Be ready when I call ! "

" Thy days are brief ! " he fiercely cried,
And high his mighty sceptre swung ;
" All days are brief ! All years are few,
And Death's demands are always due,
For dread decay shall quick betide
The strong, the fair, the young !

I seized his rein and said " Too well
I know thee for a braggart knave,
And spurn thy menace imbecile ;

What terrors can thy mask reveal ?”
He trembled, and the hour-glass fell
And shivered on the pave.

“ But I am Death and will be feared ! ”
He shook his baton of command.
“ Pretender and impostor grim,
There is no Death ! ” I answered him
And plucked him by his ancient beard—
It shriveled in my hand !

The eyes behind his helmet bars
Turned pale in furtive fear of strife ;
I pushed the point : “ no juggler can
Disguise the cheat and charlatan !
Thou phantom of the deathless stars,
I know thy name is Life ! ”

“ All I destroy ! ” he murmured, “ all ! ”
“ Sophist ! ” I answered, “ Nay, not so !
With youth and hope thy pulses fill ;
Thy veins with vital ichor thrill,
And where this evening’s blossoms fall,
To-morrow’s buds shall blow !

“ Behold ! ” and pointed to his crown
Of dead leaves from the winter’s tomb ;
“ Behold the stipules, springing green !
Behold the petals pink between !
Behold thy sceptre, dead and brown,
Like Aaron’s rod abloom ! ”

He dropped his sceptre with a clang—
It bourgeoned to a leafing tree !
He turned and fled through festal bowers,

His coronet a vine of flowers,
And in his hoof-track roses sprang—
A flaming prophecy.

LOVER'S LEAP.²⁰

Three hundred years ago—the time I speak of.
Upon this granite cliff above the river
A nut-brown maiden sat, impatient waiting ;
With eye of sparrow gazed across the water,
With ear of partridge bent her head and listened,
Waving anon a fiery spray of sumac.
Far off she saw the Naugatuck, down shining,
Render its largess to the Housatonic,
That joyfully, along its narrow channel
Beneath her feet, ran babbling to the ocean.

Her name was Nennapush, and she the daughter
Of Santoway, the chief, whose birch-bark cabin
Beyond the Wepawaug, received the homage
Of all the tribes around—his truant daughter
Who, many a morning, stole away and waited,
To keep upon this rock the tryst forbidden
With young Sequassen from across the valley,—
The brave of Pootatuck. She gazed about her,
Then smiled and bent her eager head and listened,
And sang and swung aloft the flame of sumac.

Her tawny arms were bare ; her sable tresses
Swept round her polished shoulders ; on her bosom
A triple string of sea-shells, iridescent,
Swung low and softly tinkled, and the mantle
Drawn round her lissom form had once enveloped
A gray wolf on the hills. Her feet were naked,

And o'er her ankles crept caressing grasses
And fragrant flowers.

Above the leafy summits
Of trees that rooted far below, faint glimpses
She caught of one brown spot upon the highland
Between the meeting of the wedded rivers,
And knew it held the wigwam of Sequassen.

She breathed his name, then bent her head and listened :
That name the river's pebbly margin murmured ;
The barberry prattled of it in the sunshine
As merrily it shook its coral jewels ;
The bobolink chirped it to the burning maple ;
The brown bee hummed it as he bore his burden
Of golden nectar to the cloven pine tree ;
The gossiping breeze, that bowed the yellow lily
And purple aster, and the breath of balsam
Brought from the shadows of the dusky hemlock,
Whispered the sibilant secret down the valley.
She softly sang and bent her head and listened,
Then shook a hollow gourd, whose dry seeds rattled—
The pledge of luck and plague of evil spirits—
And laughed aloud and waved the flame of sumac.

Alas ! Her bright eyes saw, and yet saw nothing.
She saw not, far beneath, along the river,
A vassal of the Sagamore, her father,
Creep stealthily, an arrow on his bow-string.
She only saw, within the mellow distance,
The quick pulsations of a flashing paddle,
The water dancing o'er it like a fountain.
And so she smiled and bent her head and listened,
And shook the gourd and swung the flame of sumac.

Along the air the light canoe came flying,

Nor seemed to touch the wave that laughed below it,
The prow turned shoreward as two hearts beat faster.
She sang his name and swung the flame of sumac ;
He lifted up his face and softly warbled,
His fingers on his lips, the " Oo-la-loo-la !"
And then without a look or word, as sudden
As sword of lightning cuts the cloudless ether,
He swayed and plunged beneath the rushing river !

She flung the treacherous gourd away, and crying
" The river demons drag him to their grotto—
My lover, brave Sequassen ! " hurried onward
And cast herself, head foremost, off the bastion.

The river babbled onward to the ocean
Singing sweet songs above the twain, and lulled them
To slumber in each other's arms, to waken
In that fair Land of Hope where all is summer.

SCARCELY BENEATH HIS NOTICE.

" You're beneath my notice, sir.
You're a liar ! you're a cur !
Yes, a knave of low degree !
So polluted few there be ;
You're an imp in human shape !
You're a devil, catiff, ape !
You're a serpent in the grass !
Scurvy traitor ! Judas ! ass !
You're a scoundrel bathed in vice—
Liar ! but I've said that twice—
This is wherefore I aver
You're beneath my notice, sir ! "

“WHY IS A—?”

“Willie, here’s a conundrum! Why’s a—”

Then as she stammered and paused to think,
He cried, “Shoot it off! Whoop ’er up, ’Liza!
Bet y’ I’ll guess it quicker’n a wink.”

“Wait, Impatience! Give me a minute!”

She pleaded, adding, “What crime is a tar—”
And stuck once more. “There’s a good joke in it!”

She murmured, while he, “How slow you are!”

Again she began, “What crime does a sailor,
In soldier’s quarters taken sick,
Resemble? Now, you noisy railer!
Guess it! Give us the answer quick!”

He guessed three weeks and didn’t get nigh it;
Ate fish to strengthen his phosphoric brain;
Set all his ingenious friends to try it;
Then got shampooed, and went at it again.

At last gave up, and she told the answer:
“A sailor sick in such a place, Will,
Is like an attempt to murder a man, Sir!—
You see he’s a salt within tent took ill!”

A shriek like the whoop of a Sioux he uttered,
Then fell in a swoon. They poulticed his head;
In a week they saw that his pulse still fluttered;
In a month they bolstered him up in bed.

The doctor sought Eliza to tell her,
“Your William is crazy—observe that grin;
His mind still wanders, you’ll kill that feller
’F you ever conundrum to him ag’in!”

THE ISERE.²¹

Now, welcome, thrice welcome the Gallic Isere !
The matron, Columbia, majestic and fair,
With bright prairie-blossoms asleep in her hair,
Draws tighter her girdle, steps down from her chair,
And hastens to welcome the gallant Isere.

The people flock round the illustrious pair,
Each feeling himself of their glory the heir ;
“ Her footstool make ready ! ” they cry ; “ firm and square
And comely the pedestal build to upbear
The foot of the goddess—the guest of Isere.”

How myriads respond to the World’s bugle-blare !
As Roderick’s elf-horn, alarming the air,
Drew clans to his ambush mysterious, where
He leaps as their chief from his patriot lair,
So now, to the World’s call the world comes to share
The burden and pleasure of helping prepare
On islet of harbor the granite-laid stair
For the goddess to mount from the deck of Isere.

They flock from the hills with their tribute ; they fare
From East, South and West, and their homage declare :
The old and the young and the fat and the spare,
The high and the humble, the awkward and yare,—
They bring to the service of Liberty their
Occasional dollars and eagles more rare,
Their numerous nickles and dimes solitaire,
Resolved to secure a “ successful affair ”
For the goddess who comes as the guest of Isere.

And when yon green islet its glory shall wear—
When Liberty rears in her majesty, there
An altar and shrine for the patriot’s prayer,

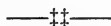
Where freemen anew may fidelity swear
 And looking upon, they shall never despair—
 When Tyranny reads, by her eyes' mystic stare
 And by her high torch's electrical glare,
 The syllables writ in the zenith "Beware!"
 We then shall remember the World's bugle-blare
 What time Dame Columbia stepped down from her chair
 And came to the sea to salute the Isere!

COLD WEATHER REFLECTIONS.

Old Winter has come after months of delay,
 And Zero again is our guardian and guide;
 The wing-footed skaters are up and away
 And thousands of lovers are taking a sleigh-
 Ride.

Our colds we are dosing with quinine and squills.
 The stove-men are gaily renewing their din.
 The plumbers again over plethoric tills
 Are merrily, cheerily sending their bills
 In.

We're not without solacing pleasures the while;
 Society brings its ephemeral show;
 The drama the season assists to beguile;
 To-night? Ah, Salvini! I recollect I'll
 Go.



If Lazarus was livin' now, and sot in some man's door,
 And that man's dog should limp along and lick ole Laz's
 sore,
 I'm satisfied, fer all the Christian feelin' that he has,
 He'd station-house the tramp an' lick the dog fer lickin' Laz.

SONGS.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas morning comes again
And climbs the winter sky,
It glorifies each hill and plain
And gladdens every eye.
It wafts the bright and brimming cup
Of charity along,
And fills the heart with music up,
And sets the lip to song.

CHORUS :

Joyous morning !
Banishing the night !
Earth adorning—
Lovely in the light !
May the merry Christmas go
To hut and hall,
Health bestow on high and low
And joy to all !

Ring the Merry Christmas bell
In every steeple-tower,
And let a thousand voices swell
The carol of the hour.
To-day the cloud of sorrow lifts
And sunny skies are seen,
And Love shall hang its goodly gifts
Upon the evergreen ! [CHORUS.]
May Plenty all his store unbind
Till Hunger shall be fed,
Till Wretchedness a hope shall find,
And Penury a bed.

May good Kriss Kringle plant his tree
Within the cottage door,
This holiday of charity,—
This Sabbath of the poor. [CHORUS.]

Then strife and hate shall float away,
And nevermore be seen,
And Love shall hang his flowers to-day
Upon the evergreen.
May good Kriss Kringle plant his tree
Amid each merry throng,
To fill the heart with melody,
And set the lip to song! [CHORUS.]

THE YACHT FALCON—1884.²²

Falcon fair, of pinion free,
Bird of flight undaunted,
By the singing of the sea
Be her praises chanted.

CHORUS:

As she mounts the wave and flings
Foamy fountains from her,
We, beneath her drowsy wings,
Dream away the summer.

Drifting on from day to day,
Past the purple highlands,
Through the shadow-haunted bay,
Round the shining islands.

Far away from eager crowds
And the land's commotion,
Dancing with the dancing clouds
O'er the azure ocean.

THE PROPHECY AND OTHER POEMS.

Morning sends her rosy rays
O'er the water streaming,
So the golden summer days
Glide away in dreaming.

CHORUS :

As she mounts the wave and flings
Foamy fountains from her,
We, beneath her drowsy wings,
Dream away the summer.

CHARLES SUMNER—1874.

My country, once again
Upon thy stricken plain
A soldier lies ;
A well-beloved son,
With all his armor on,
Falls when the battle's won,
A sacrifice.

How sleeps his honored head !
How it is garlanded !
How, at his tomb,
With loving, saddened face,
Weeps an uplifted race !
On that tear-moistened place
Shall lilies bloom !

Sumner can never die ;
He lives beyond the sky
Where all is fair ;
Giddings and Seward gone,
Greeley and Chase, passed on,
Lincoln and Old John Brown
Shall greet him there !

They fell for freedom's cause ;
They wrought for righteous laws
O'er all the land ;
They sought to bless the State—
To break the chains of hate ;
O, let us emulate
That Patriot Band !

ROBINS IN THE MORNING.

Hail Robin Redbreast ! " welcome vernal wonder !

Thou scarlet-throated usher of the morn—"

So warbles Connor, blindly struggling under

A contract still to wind his rhythmic horn—

But when he might search all the realms of nature,

How could he praise this dissipated creature ?

Oh ! what a night I've had ! At ten o'clock

('Tis sunrise now,) I sought my grateful bed ;

In four hours, robins in a countless flock

Began their calithumpian serenade,

And kept it up, from two o'clock to six,—

A clatter like a million lunatics !

I have not had a single wink of sleep

Since these marauders waked among the branches,

With oaths and gibberish, as if bound to keep

The riot like so many wild Camanches ;

The jolly gabblers—law and order scorning,—

'Twas obvious they would'nt go home till morning.

" Squeak ! squeak ! chirp ! chirp ! " and shriek and scream
repeating,

Each voice resounding loud enough to crack it !

And still, assembled in protracted meeting,

The revellers keep up the confounded racket.
"Oh! robin redbreast! oh! thou vernal wonder—"
I wish 'twould split your gaudy throat asunder!

Poor Dryden, rich in eulogistic words,
Lived on the bounty of the flattered king;
So Connor, poet laureate of birds,
Lauds any fledgling that is said to sing.
Thus, as the rustic falls a prey to sharpies,
Are cits delighted with these feathered harpies!

Ah! how my head aches! Still the red throats ripple
With shrill refrains, inviting every missile;
They're drunk upon the atmospheric tipple,
And sing in chorus like a varnished whistle.
Monotonous music, all without a flaw,
As when a blacksmith files a saw-mill saw.

Do you, dear lady, tell me, to my face,
That I'm "a brute" and this a cruel creed?
I deprecate your wrath—in proper place
I like those birdies very much indeed—
On toast, you know; yes, thank you, Mrs. Kelly,
With green peas—and a little currant jelly.

R. B. H. TO S. J. T—1877.

Sadly I salute thee, lucky friend and rival;
Sadly I confess that thou hast won the battle;
Are the fruits of victory in this struggle always
Gathered by the vanquished?

Here I find myself but the slave of office—
Slave of whims and forms—everybody's lacquey;
While thou sittest there, dignified and placid,
Free and independent.

I but come and go at the beck of others,—
 "Leaders," who are bustling noisily around me
 In a patriotic fervor which is nourished

By the spoils of party.

Wheresoe'er I turn is the office-seeker ;
 Wheresoe'er I turn are the bore and flunkey ;
 Wheresoe'er I turn are my own bulldozers

Seeking to devour me !

Wheresoe'er I turn is the scandal-monger ;
 See the name I cherish covered with reproaches !
 I am launched already on a dark and boundless

Sea of defamation.

Humbly I salute thee, lucky friend and brother,
 Envy thee thy peace, happiness and freedom,
 For a week discloses that success is failure—

He who wins is beaten !

PERHAPS.²³

I tossed and dreamed again, and as I dreamt
 A crimson fissure opened in the sky,
 Revealing wondrous vistas stretching far
 Beyond the lurid battlements of cloud—
 Forests and lakes and flowers and singing birds
 And silver fountains dancing joyously.
 Upon a bosky bank some children played,
 And standing spellbound there a bright-eyed boy—
 A high-browed, eager boy, with listening face
 And lips all quivering with new found life.
 Across the lawn there came and greeted him
 A graceful girl with large, blue, beaming eyes,
 And shining hair that fell in yellow floss

Rippling around her shoulders. Tenderly
She bade him welcome, took his hand in hers
And stooped and kissed him, calling him by name.
(I knew her sweet face and her gentle voice.)
She pointed down the pathway whence he came
And asked him questions, and he answered her,
And when she smiled her face was full of heaven.
She led him where the rarest blossoms grew,
Described the curious, myriad forms of life,
Taught him to listen to the music which,
On languid zephyrs, stole along the air,
And he was happy.

They rejoined the play.
A laugh arose—a clear and gurgling laugh,
And I awoke. Awoke, and morn had come ;
And up the sky, a splendid ship aflame,
Sailed in a gulf of gold the rising sun.

TRUTHFUL BIDDY.

“ Dear me ! Who broke my favorite egg ? ”
Cried Biddy Bantam to her daughter
Who, balanced on a single leg,
Stood, pensive, near the purling water.
The child gave one pathetic crow,
Her rueful tears began to thicken,
She sobbed aloud “ I broke it, Maw !
This little person is my chicken.
I’ll lime and nice albumen buy
And make another one to match it ;
O, Ma ! I cannot tell a lie,
I did it with my little hatch it ! ”

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

The red Russian sun had set,
But a warm tint lingered yet
And suffused the heights of Kharizanliinskoi,
Near which a maiden dwelt
Named Tscheckernigvenskiveldt,
And she loved Odonelafuskideloi,

“ Dear Tscheckernie ! ” murmured he
“ Wilt thou still remember me,
For thine absent boy the same affection have
When I’m fighting on the slope
Of Kneiffikowsumpskop,
Or crossing the Ekaterinoslav ? ”

“ Ah, Olie, dear ! ” she cried,
“ Am I not to be thy bride ?
Nothing never can dis sever me from thee ;
Would that I to-day could ride off
At thy side through Kameskidoff
To the army as Pravolazhopperskae ! ”

Yet he urged “ My love ! My own !
Wilt be true when I am gone ? ”
And she laid her little lily hand in his ;
“ Wilt be true as yonder star
When I’m fighting for the Czar
At Osmanjik or Phillipopolis ? ”

And she answered “ Here I swear !
You may wander everywhere,
I will never smile on any other love—
Not the Prince of Solienkorsk,
Duke of Krasnovitcheborsk,
Or the Baron of Zirpoukwiamzahov.”

As she bowed her lovely head,
He snatched his sword and fled
To join his general, Nepokotichitski :
 “Farewell, thou peerless damsel !
 I go to Dschesairvemsel,
And possibly to Kizilkirghivitski.”

When five long months had passed
He wrote from Koldeplast
“Our flag floats over Potchinokilamsk
We have captured Bosna-Sara
And Waloskydumskalara
And Zedenkurskargopoloradskidamsk.

“Last Saturday we took
Valeditski-Bonzoulouk
To-day we're taking Solgoditchefinsk,
To-morrow we shall go
Through Lotchokjavanavo,
And home by way of Bogorodibinsk.”

She'd another lover then,
Spite of all her oaths, and when
The letter came, beside his knee she sat—
Johann Hildburgmingenhausen,
Born in Schwartzeburg-Kniphausen,
And she married him directly after that.

The next winter, every morn
To the birds she flung some corn,
And she fed the very ravens that had wheeled
Over warring southern zones,
And had picked poor Olie's bones
On the Bieloukourokino battle-field,

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WRITTEN DURING THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR—1877.

“Go,” He spake unto the Angel, and His face was full of
light

And His voice was sweet as music breathed upon a starry
night ;

“Hasten ! Wing thy way to earthland. Mark if man by
love is swayed ;

If the wolf of Hatred longer doth molest or make afraid ;

If the world breeds yet the ignorance that wove my thorny
crown ;

If the holy centuries brighten since I laid my burden down.

Bowed before the Sacred Presence, the fair messenger with-
drew,

Floated from the radiant ramparts where celestial breezes
blew,

Glided through the azure meadows where the starry morning
sings,

Dropped adown the shining spaces with the sun upon his
wings,

Till the warm earth rose around him and he heard a bugle-
horn—

He was in the Balkan passes, and the time was Christmas
morn.

As he turns, his cheek is smitten with the cannon's fiery
breath,

And across the blind abysses plunge the cavalry of Death.

On the snowy slopes of Plevna are the Russian batteries
wheeled,

And corpses lie in ghastly heaps upon the reeking field ;

Here sweep the Lovatz lancers—like a flash they disappear—
Each rider yells and lifts aloft a head upon his spear !

Christmas morning with the wounded, where the angry ranks
divide

In the old Berserker madness, writhing on the mountain side ;
Peasant-brothers, locked together where the river seaward
slips,

And with faces fierce with passion, die with curses on their
lips.

Christmas morning in the village where the mad invaders
slay

Mothers singing at their spinning,—babies prattling at their
play.

Christmas morning in the Northland, where the Russian
soldier's wife

Looks through tears, with fluttering pulses, on the bulletins
of strife.

Christmas morning in the Southland, where the Turkish
maidens wait

For the sweethearts who shall never come to greet them at
the gate.

Christmas morning by the camp-fire of the Cossack cavalcade,
Where the sad-eyed sister writes to Northern wife and
Southern maid.

Christmas morning in the churches, where the priests an-
nointed pray

That the Lord will lead the combat and the hosts of Islam
slay.

Christmas morning in the Mosque, where the Mollah cries to
God

To baptize the sunny valleys with the Christian's hated
blood.

Christmas morning in the battle, where, along the frenzied
line,

Flags unfurled to Christ and Mahomet, with the cross and
crescent shine !

Then the Angel, eyes of pity and a face with terror white,
With a wail of shame and sorrow, vanished on his upward
flight,

And he cried, "The blood of brothers mingles with the bitter
tears

That rush hellward like a deluge in the torrent of the
years.

Fools ! Oh, fools ! The fiends of Hatred strangle still the
gentler birth,

And Love is still an outcast from the temples of the earth !"

CHARLES DARWIN—D. C. L.

Darwin arose in the college on Saturday—
Infidel ! Atheist ! priest of this latter day !
Which is the stronger, the old pedagogue or he
As he comes forward in blazing-red toggerly ?
Honored in Cambridge, the great University ;
Scientist, destined to bless it or curse it he !
Who was the father from whom every son had come ?
Did we from molecule, mollusc or monad come ?
Ah ! sabe dios ! But sure, evolution is
Wiser than guessing of some Lilliputian is !

Doctor of civil law ! Give his degree to him ;
Little the plain decoration will be to him !
In blossom and star a sublime revelation is ;
Knowledge of Nature, the New Dispensation is.
Monkey let down from the gallery chattering,
Nice-looking person, his ancestors flattering,
Perched on a chair, he declaims like a Senator.

Student exclaims ; " Darwin, here's your progenitor ! " "
" Yes," says the sage ; " This is not a surprise to me ;
He is the fellow that always replies to me ! "

BROTHER JONATHAN TO DOM PEDRO.²⁴

Hail, equator-crowned Braganza !
To our guest we fling a stanza,
Royal ruler of the tropics
Best and timeliest of topics,
Father of a dozen millions,
Most majestic of Brazilians,
I wave welcome to your clipper,—
Lift aloft your royal flipper !

All the world has cheered your order,
" Not a slave within my border ! "
All the world inquires how was it
That you blent that mass composite
With no serf to wear a collar.
Pedro, gentleman and scholar,
Farmer, miner, weaver, skipper,
Cordially I grasp your flipper !

Mingled blood and varied lingo
From Para to San Domingo,
From Peru to Pernambuco,
Black, mulatto, mamaluco,
Men from every clime and nation,
Mixed in strange conglomeration,
Active as a gallinipper—
Pedro, shake ! Extend your flipper !

Say ! I like your style of feller ;
How's your daughter, Isabeller ?

How's your wife, and your wife's mother?
 How's your aunt and cousin's brother?
 How's your sheep and colts and cattle?
 How's the last Cafuzo battle?
 Underneath the Northern dipper
 Let us pledge! Here, friend, your flipper!

Don't you mind my little troubles;
 Don't you watch these transient bubbles:
 General rows and rows domestic,
 Threats and plottings anarchistic;
 Though our seas are rather risky,
 Rough as your ancestral Biscay,
 Rogues shall feel Columbia's slipper!
 Senyor Pedro! Here's my flipper!

Stars and Stripes shall dip Hosanna
 To your green and golden banner;
 Dom, our realms are both extensive:
 Let us form a league defensive:
 If old Europe wants to meddle
 With our continent or peddle
 Crowns around—we'll join and whip her!
 Mister Pedro, gi's your flipper!

TO A LIZARD IN AMBER.

O, bright-eyed swimmer from Triassic seas!
 Thou tiny cousin of the ichthyosaurus—
 What mocking sylph, beneath the cypress trees,
 Discarding flies and fleas and bugs, and bees,
 Embalmed thee for us?

When thou wert darting through a fiery path
 Millions of years ago, with sinuous motion,

Was old earth broiling in a Turkish bath?
Did Chaos wallow in a sea of wrath—
A sulphurous ocean?

Dwelt thou with man primeval in his lair
On hills Carpathian or desert Lybian?
Or didst thou with the gods Olympus share,
'Mid such high state living unnoticed there,
Thou small amphibian?

Say! didst thou sleep on Agamemnon's grave,
When Troy's renowned unpleasantness was over?
Or did glad Neptune fling thee from his cave
When sweet Calypso kissed beside the wave
Her Spartan lover?

How different from the death thou livest here
Amid the gay and sombre, wise and witty,
With dulcet music melting on the ear,
And philosophic speech discoursing clear
In Jersey City!

Thy lucent coffin hath a splendid nook:
Above, with saucer eyes and claws retractile,
An owl sits gazing with an anxious look;
Around are gems; beneath, that limestone spook,
The pterodactyl.

Who pinioned thy grotesque and uncouth frame
Within the sunshine of this golden chamber?
Is this the fountain whence the nectar came?
Or is it star-born—this undying flame
Which men call amber?

Or is this jewel formed of sweet tears shed
By fair Heliades—Apollo's daughters—

When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
Lashing his father's sun team, and fell dead

In Euxine waters ?

Splay-footed sprawler from Triassic seas ;

O, tawny cousin of the ichthyosaurus—

What sportive sister of Hesperides,

In the ambrosia of celestial trees,

Embalmed thee for us ?

LOVE ON SKATES.

The ball is up ! The flag is out !

The skaters are away,

And o'er the ice in merry bout

They cut the snowy spray.

Come, Joe, let's join the jolly throng

And swell the song and help along

The carnival to-day.

And while you trim your runners, Joe,

And tarry here a trice,

I'll tell what stirred my pulses so

Last winter on the ice ;

For oh ! it was a glorious night,

And hearts were light and eyes were bright

That evening on the ice.

And every face was gay and young,

And all its colors wore,

And songs were sung and laughter rung

From merry shore to shore.

The jewel stars begemmed the night,

And Luna flung her liquid light

Along the level floor.

A maiden sought the skater's prize—
A queen beyond compare—
I saw her chase in mirrored skies
The star that floated there,
Then balance on the glancing glaive,
And poise above the frozen wave
Like swallow on the air.

A steel shod Juno, fair and fleet,
As any season brings,
With music in her airy feet
She cut the mazy rings ;
And now and then she deigned to show
Beneath her rosy furbelow
The flash of sandal wings.

I dodged the scurrying host to make
A schedule of her charms,
When sweeping round and round the lake
Unconscious of alarms,
With many a whirl and curve and curl
Among the crowd, the giddy girl
Fell plump into my arms !

I felt an impulse to pursue
As from my grasp she slid ;
I marked what dancing eyes of blue
Her jaunty jockey hid ;
She gasped a word and dashed away,
And in a breath the tricky fay
Was lost the throng amid.

I sought in vain ; that evening, Jo,
The ice began to melt ;
And now the whirling New Year snow

Reminds me how I felt,
And how her blushes went and came,
As scarlet as the sash of flame
That fluttered at her belt !

Come on ! my heart is all adrift
Whene'er I turn that way ;
Come on ! we'll find her coursing swift
Across the crystal bay ;
I know she's hovering around about
Or darting in or dashing out
The carnival to day.

UNCLE SAM TO PRINCE FUSHIMI OF JAPAN.

DURING HIS VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES—1887.

Cordial welcome, Prince Fushimi !
Didn't think you'd call to see me.
I've been kind o' wonderin' whether
You'd come round this roastin' weather,
Fierier and fiercer than a
Burning cone at Fusiana.
Come right in, for Adam Badeau
Told me of your boss, Mikado.

Hail and welcome, Prince Fushimi !
'Tis a visit that I deem a
Lasting honor. How I wish I
Had a fleet like Mitsu Bishi ;
And, for coin, I'd like to take a
Mint like yours at old Osaka—
That is where I'm told the bank is
Of the Oriental Yankees.

Myriad welcomes, Prince Fushimi !
Japs are practical as dreamy.
Are our Washington girls pretty
As the maids of Hokoveti ?
Since you landed, have you fed, O,
As you used to feed in Yeddo ?
And does beverage de Milwaukee
Reach the spot like fragrant saki ?

Hail, and au revoir Fushimi !
Dreadful glad you came to see me.
Let us act like next door neighbors,
Joining hearts and hopes and sabers,
As a sort of Yankee notion
Touching colors o'er the ocean ;
Eastern mood and Western manner,—
Starry flag and golden banner !

A SALT-SEA SPECTER.

At anchor in Peconic Bay
Off Shelter Island's haunted shore,
Our trim yacht, Falcon, throbbing lay
One summer night in '84,
And champed her bit, as if to say,
“ Let us begone ! I'll wait no more ! ”

Upon a battered wreck hard by
I heard a gruesome owlet call ;
Down from the shrouds a smothered cry
Of elfin terror seemed to fall ;
No speck of light was in the sky
And mystery was over all.

Hearing a splash I raised a shout :

“ Ho ! mermaid of the island-sea !

'Tis years **since** thou hast ventured out

Where'er thy sunless caverns be.

'Come hither ! Dance a goblin bout

And sing a festal song to me.”

I spoke, and lo ! from out the foam,

Bearing a looking-glass and fan,

A mermaid rose ; a coral comb

Adown her seaweed tresses ran ;

She touched my arm and sighed “ Ho hum !

'Tis ages since I've seen a man ! ”

“ Why so ? ” I asked. “ Because,” she cried,

“ The girls ashore so overdress,

We scorn to emulate their pride ;

And, though I wear a good deal less,

My notion of a taste so suide

I dare not venture to express ! ”

Upon my hand she laid her own :

“ The glass and comb were well enough,

And cestus of the virgin zone,—

But oh ! the silks and satin stuff,

The feathers, ring with priceless stone,—

We've no rich fathers, and it's rough !

“ Our crimps are also rather faint ;

The Cleveland bang with dextrous fin

We twist in bandoline and paint

And tie it up in strips of tin,

But water's wet ; by tea-time 'taint

Fit to receive a sardine in !

"I hate such artifice." Her neck
 Was all undraped and white as foam ;
 She waved her fair arms towards the wreck
 And smiled on me and whispered "Come !"
 Then sprang from off the Falcon's deck
 And sought again her moistened home.

I did not follow her. Hard by
 I heard a gruesome owlet call ;
 Down from the shrouds a smothered cry
 Of elfin terror seemed to fall.
 No speck of light was in the sky
 And mystery was over all.

THANKSGIVING.

"Let Earth give thanks," the Parson said,
 And then the Proclamation read.

"Give thanks for what? An' what about?"
 Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
 "Give thanks for what? I don't see why ;
 The rust got in and spiled my rye,
 An' grass wa'n't half a crop, and corn
 All wilted down and looked forlorn,
 And bugs just gobbled my pertaters—
 The what-you-call-'em-Lineaters.
 So much tobacker all around
 We let it rot upon the ground.
 Unless a war should interfere
 Wheat won't fetch half a price this year ;
 I'll hev to giv it away I reckon !"

"Good for the poor !" exclaimed the Deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,
"Fer freshets carryin' off my logs?
Fer Dobbin goin' blind last week?
Fer two cows drowned in the creek?
Fer ten dead sheep?" asked Simon Soggs.

The Deacon said, "You've get yer hogs!"

"Give thanks? An' Jane and baby sick?
I e'en most wonder ef Ole Nick
Aint runnin' things!"

The Deacon said :

"Simon! your people might be dead!"

"Give thanks!" said Simon Soggs again,
"Jest look at what a fix we're in!
The country rushin' to the dogs
At race-hoss speed!" said Simon Soggs.
"A year'n a half ago we went
An' 'lected 'nother President,
But now, no man knows what to do,
Or how is how or who is who.
The Pres'dent tries to do his best,—
But look at how they act out West!
Some votes too little, some too much,
Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
The nigger skulks in Night's disguise
And hooks a chicken ez he flies,
The labrin-men is up in arms
And fill the land with wild alarms,
And millions mad ez they kin be;
Say, Deacon, wait an' you will see
That 'fore another Pres'dent's in
We'll have a gen'ral fight agin.

Give thanks fer what, I'd like to know?"

The Deacon answered, sad and slow—
 " Kneel right straight down in all the muss
 An' thank God that it aint no wuss!"

OPEN LETTER TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

O, chief of the Sandy Seraglio!
 O, boss of the twenty old cats!
 I'm sorry for you, and I'll tell you
 How you can get rid of your spats;
 Your rows with your wives and the nation
 Will end with this one stroke of wit:
 Indulge in a new revelation—
 That's it!

Don't play the cheap martyr in prison;
 Don't speak of rebellion as "grand;"
 Don't prattle of "Darkness arisen;"
 Don't talk about quitting the land;
 Don't grumble of slander and libel,
 But learn a more excellent way—
 Hatch out a new leaf for your Bible
 And stay.

Address all the Saints and say "Some im-
 Provement takes place, I suppose;
 I've looked through the Urim and Thummim
 And new rules they plainly disclose;
 The Elders henceforth will be lonely
 Divorced from companions for life,
 For 'tis writ that a man can have only
 One wife.

" Sid Rigdon shows up as the Prophet,
 And says ' it's removin the cuss '—
 That ' Providence probably saw fit
 To harass the early saints thus,'
 But one wife's an awful affliction,
 And two is too much for a Saint;
 Nonsensical? It's my conviction
 It ain't!"

O, chief of the alkaline harem!
 Behold the trail out of the wood!
 I send you this friendly alarum—
 Here's hoping you'll do as you should!
 Set grass-widows off with a pension,
 Send children to Government schools—
 Polygamy?—It's the invention
 Of fools!

OFF VERA CRUZ.

A BALLADE.

O, bounteous life that came to me
 Where Earth her every grace arrays
 In cactus, palm and orange tree,
 And all her opulence displays
 Within the Tropic's tangled maze;
 Where Orizaba's peak of snow
 Nods to Malinche through the haze
 Beyond the Gulf of Mexico.

 We left the land upon the lee,—
 Its beaches brown and peaceful bays—
 And drifted silent down the sea
 Where gannet dives and dolphin plays,

Where the physalia sets her stays
 And purple sail in splendid show,
 Reflecting all the sunset's rays
 Upon the Gulf of Mexico.

O, tropic night ! Thy glories be
 Responsive Nature's fairest phase,
 Ever the zephyr wanders free,
 And the inconstant planet strays ;
 Canopus sings his song of praise ;
 New constellations rise, and, lo !
 The southern crucifix ablaze
 Above the Gulf of Mexico !

L' ENVOI !

Serene delights and pleasant ways !
 How life is sweetened by the flow
 Of silver nights and golden days
 Above the Gulf of Mexico !

A HERO OF BENNINGTON,

AT THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION—1875.

" My granther fit at Benningtown,"
 The old man proudly said,
 As tears his furrowed cheeks ran down
 And drooped his silvered head.

" He fought at Bennington, you say ?"
 Jo Hawley asked him, " we
 Shall celebrate the fight to-day—
 Old hero, come with me ! "

" Thy grandsire fought at Bennington ?"
 Repeated General Grant ;

“Take thou the head ; thou seemst as one
Whom Providence hath sent.”

“Sit on the stand ! Ride in the ’bus !”
Cried grateful General Banks ;
“O, patriot sire, come marshal us
As leader of our ranks !”

He in a crimson carriage grand
The brave procession led ;
He sat conspicuous on the stand ;
He in the tent was fed.

When the mock Hessians charged on Stark
He raised a battle cry ;
With wrath his eager face grew dark
And fire was in his eye.

Then Sherman said, “Thou hero hale,
’Tis Freedom’s jubilee ;
I prithee tell us now the tale
The veteran told to thee.”

The old man slowly rose and said
“I’ve hearn my granther tell
How gallant Baum the redcoats led
And gin the Rebels —— well

“The rebel force was two to one ;
Baum knocked ’em in a heap !
O, how the Yankees cut an’ run !—
Yis ! Cut an’ run like sheep !

“My granther fit at Benningtown—
Fit in the Tory ranks,
And—” then he was escorted down
By stalwart General Banks.

As he was hustled from the stand
They heard the hero say
“ ’Taint so ! We whaled the Rebel band—
Old Stark was licked that day ! ”

REPLY TO BISHOP COXE.²⁵

O, man of God ! this crime deplore !
Why should thy brother's blood outpour
In hateful tides of turbid gore
From Dardanelles to Danube's shore ?
Be still—be still !
BlaspHEME no more !

God help the babes ! God bless the wives !
Shame on the priests that whet the knives !
Shame on the church whose altar thrives
By wrecking peaceful peasants' lives !
Be still—be still !
'Tis Hell that drives !

How long, O Lord, before thy shrine
Shall men pray “ Vengeance, God, is Thine,”
Then worship Moloch as divine,
And drink the battle's bloody wine ?
Be still—be still
O, heart of mine !

Forward the Race ! Let creeds impart
No barb of poison to the dart
That flies from Mammon's bow, or start
Tasmanian devils in the heart !
Be still—be still !
Love sits apart.

"God bless the Czar?" Beneath his eye
 Poor Poland writhes and cannot die,
 And as the bandit's minions ply
 The knout, to Heaven ascends her cry.

Be still—be still!
 O, infamy!

Put up the sword! And ne'er again
 Let the grim Crusade's fiery train
 Drag o'er the earth its awful stain—
 'Tis branded with the curse of Cain!

Be still—be still!
 Let Mercy reign.

Come Holy Peace! May Muscovite
 And Moslem end their wretched fight;
 Women with songs shall hail the light,
 And children flock with flags of white—

Be still—be still—
 O, sacred sight!

THE PRESIDENT'S AU REVOIR.

SUMMER VACATION.

Farewell, ye goddess of the Dome,
 Upon your dizzy height;
 Farewell, ye temporary home
 Which they have painted White.
 Farewell! Upon the wings of steam
 I go where none intrudes,
 To fling the fly* along the stream
 In Adirondack woods.

Farewell ! Where life is newly born
 And brooks are murmuring,
 I'll sit upon the porch at morn
 And hear the thrushes † sing ;
 Oho ! the red deer ‡ I will slay,
 And, in my merry moods,
 I'll make the panther § stand at bay
 In Adirondack woods.

Where Nature's beauties most abound
 Will I the salmon || snare,
 As soothing visions ¶ gather round
 My nightly pillow there.
 And when we meet again, I ween,
 Mid Winter's interludes,
 I'll tell you what I've heard and seen
 In Adirondack woods.

* Worm.	§ Woodchuck.
† Bullfrogs.	Bullhead.
‡ Rabbits.	¶ Big Mosquitoes.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

A DIALOGUE OF DECORATION DAY.

DAUGHTER :

Papa, I never understand
 How 'twas you had to go and fight
 Down in the sultry southern land—
 O, years before I saw the light—
 A prisoner, too, in Florida,
 Where, afterwards, you found mamma.

FATHER :

Not understand, my child ? The gun
They fired on Sumter summoned me :
I went to keep the nation one ;
I went to make the nation free ;
I went and fought to fix anew
Our stars within the field of blue !

DAUGHTER :

Yes, but mamma was " rebel born,"
As laughingly she says to you,
And from a rebel hearth was torn ;
Her father and her brother, too,
Grandfather Blake and Uncle Jo
Fought on the southern side, you know.

FATHER :

Two good men, honestly misled ;
They thought the right was on their side.
Poor Jo ! A splendid man, they said ;
He fell and gave one gasp and died
While charging in a battery's jaw
Along the base of Kenesaw.

DAUGHTER :

And you were in that battle, too ?
And you and he had never met—
The Gray contending with the Blue ;
And you and he were there, and yet,—
We dream those things we cannot see—
O, it is horrible to me !

FATHER :

My daughter ! Curb your feelings, child !
We sorrow that he died so young ;

For he was tender, brave and mild,
And still we hear his praises sung
By all who knew him. Living, he
A brother would have been to me !

DAUGHTER :

Your brother ! O, the awful thought
That haunts me when I am alone,
That when at Kenesaw you fought,
Facing each other, all unknown,
You might have fired the shot, you know,
That pierced the heart of Uncle Jo !

FATHER :

Be still, my child ! You drive me mad !
The past is dead, and let it rest !
Each patriot offered all he had
To aid the cause he loved the best.
The greatness of the land to-day
Proves the Rebellion wrong, I say !

DAUGHTER :

Forgive me, father ! Far from me
The wish to give your kind heart pain ;
But why need any killing be
When what has been may be again ?
For every war, papa, you know,
Has men like you and Uncle Jo !

FATHER :

Right ! right, my child, beyond your ken !
Warfare is cruel and accurst !
Of all the " settlements " of men
The gage of battle is the worst.

Better draw lots and shake the dice
And save the sanguinary price !

DAUGHTER :

Papa ! Then how can battle's din
For men of sense have any charms,
Unless the right is sure to win ?
How can they madly rush to arms,
Knowing what always will befall—
The loss of much—the risk of all ?

FATHER :

I do not know. A game of chance
Is every victory of the blade.
A battle is a demon's dance,
Where Justice skulks in masquerade.
Caprice is empire of the fight ;
For Wrong is strong if Might is right.
O, that the world were wiser grown !
For then would human love bear fruit ;
Blind hate would for its sins atone,
And combatants would substitute
For shot and shell the potent word,
And Arbitration for the sword !

REFLECTIONS.

A late July goes glimmering by on the wings of a solar beam,
And its offset is a soda fizz or paleocrystic cream.
I'd like to steal an April eve and in its embraces lie,
Or borrow

To-morrow

The morning

Adorning

The brow of a winter sky.

The summer is sweet and through the air its odors are every-
where,
And Washington flies are fond and fleet and Washington
skies are fair ;
Before the scythe of the Sun I writhe and shrivel like new,
mown hay,
But whether
The weather
Is hotter
Or what are
The reasons I cannot say.

MAY DAY.

'Tis May-day morning, and the sparrow's scream
Awakes poor Benedict from his sunrise dream ;
His drowsy spouse alarms him, crying " Love !
Come ! Wake up ! Get up ! We have got to move ! "
I think 'twas Pope who, praising elegance,
Said, " Those Move easiest who have learnt to dance ! "
If this be true, how very lucky they
Who've learnt to shake fantastic toes, to-day !
A moving sight ! A far more moving sound !
It rends the sky and rumbles on the ground ;
Lean from the window, lend attentive ear,
Unwind the racket—tell me what you hear :
" That blasted cart is three hours late ! "
" A horse has broke the garden gate ! "
" The clock—oh dear ! there ! there it goes ! "
" The parrot bit Mariar's nose ! "
" How hot ! My fan ! The wind is south ! "
" Them tacks there ! In the baby's mouth !
" I'll sue that man ! " " You're on my dress ! "

"Tip up the drawer! O what a mess!"
 "Jest see them fools stand there and gawp!"
 "You did!" "I didn't!" "You stop your yawp!"
 "Come! Breakfast!" "We'll omit the grace."
 "Jane! Leave the room! What's on your face?"
 "I've tore my coat!" "I've hurt my hand."
 "Where is my glove?" "Don't you feel grand?"
 "Fire! fire!" "No, t'aint'!—a false alarm!"
 "Pa's got the tongs upon his arm!"
 "I've broke my parasol—jest see!"
 "Why, Julia—goodness gracious me!"
 "I tell you t'ain't! You drive along!"
 "Slam, jam, creak, squeak, ding-dong! ding-dong!"
 "There! Johnny's in the currant jam!"
 "You little wretch! You little —— it does sometimes seem
 as if I would like to go to an insane asylum a few years
 and rest!"

A BLOODLESS DO-ILL.

In their controversial ardor men will crowd each other
 harder than at other times would seem exactly right,
 And when each the other sasses, papers say "an insult
 passes," and the parties, on a sudden, want to fight.
 When Lareinty and Boulanger, given temporary conge, plan
 a duel to obliterate the stain
 Of the epithet of "coward," and retire with pistols toward
 the forest of Meudon beyond the Seine,
 See the foes each other greeting with a warm embrace at
 meeting! a friendly smile while waiting for the word!
 See them shoot their ammunition in the air—(agreed condi-
 tion)—and lo! their blighted honor is restored!

But when Bell, with bumptious manner, faces Blinn of
Indiana, and they swap a lot of unassorted names,
And the man with landed hobby dares the Hoosier to the
lobby to play a part in pugilistic games,

Though a nose be bathed in claret it is best to grin and bear
it, for 'tis better than a gun for quenching ire ;
It is good for cooling off in, and it seldom needs a coffin, and
the weapon hardly ever misses fire.

THE KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

A DIRGE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DECEASE.

And so our royal relative is dead,
Relieved at last from gustatory labors.
The white man was his choice, but, when he fed,
He'd sometimes entertain his tawny neighbors.
He worshipped, uttering his "Fee-fo-fum,"
The goddess of the epigastrium.

And missionaries graced his festive board,
Solemn and succulent, in twos and dozens,
And smoked before their hospitable lord,
Welcome as if they'd been his second cousins.
When cold, he warmed them, as he would his kin,
They came as strangers and he took them in.

And generous ! O, wasn't he ! I have known him
Exhibit a celestial amiability ;
He'd eat an enemy, and then would own him
Of flavor excellent, despite hostility.
The cruellest captain in the British Navy
He buried in an honorable gravy.

He was a man of taste, and justice, too ;
He oped his mouth for e'en the humblest sinner,
And three weeks stall-fed an emaciate Jew
Before they brought him to the royal dinner.
With preacher-men he shared his bread and wallet
And let them nightly occupy his pallet.

We grow like what we eat. Bad food depresses ;
Good food exalts us like an inspiration ;
And missionary on the menu blesses
And elevates the Fiji population ;
A people who for years saints, bairns and women ate,
Must soon their vilest qualities eliminate.

But the deceased could never hold a candle
To those prim, pale-faced people of propriety,
Who gloat o'er gossip and get fat on scandal—
The cannibals of civilized society ;
They drink the blood of brothers with their rations,
And crush the bones of living reputations.

They kill the soul ; he only claimed the dwelling ;
They take the sharpened scalpel of surmises,
And cleave the sinews where the heart is swelling,
And slaughter Fame and Honor for their prizes ;
They make the spirit in the body quiver ;
They quench the Lights. He only took the Liver !

I've known some hardened customers, I wot—
The toughest fellows—Pagans beyond question—
I wish had got into his dinner-pot ;
Although I'm certain they'd defy digestion
And break his jaw and ruin his æsophagus
Were he the chief of beings anthropophagous !

How fond he was of children ! To his breast
 The tenderest nurslings gained a free admission ;
 Rank he despised ; nor, if they came well-dressed,
 Cared if they were plebeian or patrician.
 Shade of Leigh Hunt ! O guide this laggard pen
 To write of one who loved his fellow men.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE.

AMERICANS A CENTURY HENCE INDULGE IN A REMI- NISCENCE.

Now, papa, tell me truly, when people used to travel
 In steamboats and in railroad cars, on water and on land,
 Did they wallow in the stormy sea and drag along the gravel,
 Like fishes in the river or like lizards on the sand ?
 Confined to a dead level they must have had a bother
 To keep from breaking down and running into one another.

ANSWER :

They did, my daughter ; oft I've heard my father tell about
 'em,
 And how they used to jump the track and run each other
 down ;
 But with our levitant balloon we've learned to do without
 'em
 For now we fly around the sky in our etherion,
 Like "Queen Celeste," in which we float along the azure
 now,
 Five hundred feet from stem to stern, and paddles at the
 bow.

But, Mary dear, some other things are quite as full as wonder :

They used to have a clumsy thing they called a "telegraph"—

A slow machine for talk between the places far asunder—
Its poles and wires and chemicals I'm sure would make you laugh.

They hadn't harnessed up the will nor guessed that power was in it

To call a distant friend and get an answer in a minute.

There's telescopes—why, look at ours!—see what we are arriving at!

We hail our neighbors now on Mars and Mercury and Venus,
We swap some signals with them, we find what they are driving at ;

Our microscopes reveal the ways of every monad genus,
And show us how spontaneously the flea is generated,
And how the bugs and butterflies from nothing are created.

My child, lean out the flying ship ; far downward, larboard-looking,

You see the bankrupt blackened shafts whence Lackawanna coal

Was spread throughout the land, to light and warm and do the cooking ;

This was before we learned to bore a thousand-fathom hole—
In every town a hot air shaft right through the shell of granite

Draws light and heat from out the inner furnace of the planet.

What progress we have made ! Our biologists have found
The "missing link" of Darwin in the talking ape of Munessey ;

And now we know a murderer is mentally unsound—
Instead of choking him to death we doctor him for lunacy,
Our philanthropic scientists have proved in many treatisees
That crime is a disease as much as mumps or meningitis is.

At one time people used to kill the sheep and hogs and
cattle,

And boil and fry them on the fire and eat them just like
savages ;

But now we have our patent rotary food-condenser that'll
Give every mouth enough to eat and banish hunger's ravages.
Pour in a pint of nitrogen and mix in the accoutrement
Carbon and salts in appetizing forms of human nutriment.

But let us not be proud. If man, aspiring to the stars,
By his own will succeeds in overcoming gravitation,
If Brown, who visited the moon, succeeds in finding Mars,
And plants among the asteroids a Yankee signal station,
Our commonplace inventions will seem tame enough and
many'll

Think us behind the times as we the folks of the Centennial.

IN CONTRAST.

Give thanks? Why, yes ; for, on the whole, we fly
The happiest banner underneath the sky ;
Good wages, food abundant, time well spent,
With only Labor's wholesome discontent ;
England has anarchy, and France has want,
Through Russia totters Famine's spectre gaunt,
Turkey all covet, and in Mexico
The pulque-factories fill the land with woe ;
Italy's sick, and, if the truth were known,
There's a bent pin on the Bulgarian throne.

TO MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

1747-1894.

Molly Chapman—charming Molly !
Years a wife—a century sainted—
Though perchance they called you “ Polly ”
When you had your picture painted ;
When they made your prettiest gown
And arrayed you in your smartest,
Curled your hair and sent to town
For the “ famous Boston artist.”

Molly Chapman—laughing Molly !
Brightening all the ways of Fairfield
As the jewels of the holly
Fill with beauty's grace a bare field ;
Lips where Cupid loves to tipple—
How the rogue with fervor woos 'em !
Muslin mull in many a ripple
Dancing round your ample bosom.

Molly ! Dreaming, beaming Molly !
“ Sweet sixteen ? ” I'd guess you twenty ;
Rosy mouth, demure but jolly,
Rich in kisses, chaste and plenty ;
Brow discreet o'er charms presiding,
All defending from disaster ;
Hair that holds the night in hiding ;
Neck and shoulders alabaster ;

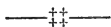
Eyes of wonder—pensive Molly !
Bluer than the bluest gentian ;
Dreaming of the great world's folly,
Filled with pitying apprehension
For the revelers of the region

Pleasure's hand would hold the cup to ;
For the mischiefs, large and legion,
Your descendants would be up to !

Yet they tell us—blushing Molly—
You, in far off days colonial,
'Neath the mistletoe and holly
Tied the knottings matrimonial.
Therefore would we bless the fillet
So beneficent and fateful,
And, because we live to tell it,
On the whole we're rather grateful !

Who was Jedediah, Molly ?
He, obedient to whose order
Continental fired a volley
Far beyond the northern border ?
Mother's father's father's father—
Years a phalanx constitute him ;
Half a thousand now could gather
Round your picture and salute him !

" Yes " you answered ; thank you, Molly !
In that word existence met us ;
We should all be melancholy
If you'd happened to forget us !
Had you sworn a virgin's vow
We, who share ancestral bounty,
Couldn't drink, as we do now,
" To the belle of Fairfield County ! "



The fair soubrette, the beauteous blonde, De Bow,
Wears on her head the light fantastic tow,

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

When the racket was begun,
 (Zip! Clang!)

Boys were hungry for the fun,
 (Zip! Clang!)

Quill-wheels, crackers, pots and rockets
Started eyeballs from their sockets;
We are thankful it is done—
 (Zip! Clang!)

How the noisy legions come!
 (Pop! Whizz!)

Bells and cannon, fife and drum,
 (Pop! Whizz!)

Baby's sick. "Pa—I'm afraid
She had too much lemonade—"
Man is ailing—two much rum—
 (Pop! Whizz!)

Forty buildings are afire!
 (Ding-dong!)

Flames are flashing nigher—higher—
 (Ding-dong!)

But the boy must have a spree
Spite of brands and ashes, re-
Membering his patriot sire,
 (Ding-dong!)

"Mary shot right through the head!"
 (Flash! Bang!)

She falls down—is dying!—dead!
 (Flash! Bang!)

“ Little Joseph didn’t know
 It was loaded, Poor Jo ! ”
 That is what his mother said.
 (Flash ! Bang !)

SILHOUETTES—IMPROMPTU.

DE LANCEY KANE.

O, whose eye hath seen romances,
 Losses, gains,
 Life, its changes and its chances,
 And its pains ?
 Seen, as year on year advances,
 Silken skeins
 Woven into gossamer fancies,
 Iron chains ?
 Seen the wildest steed that prances
 Under maddening circumstances
 ’Neath the reins ?
 Seen intoxicating glances,
 In delirious giddy dances,
 Such as Egypt’s such as France’s,
 Such as Spain’s ?
 Seen the rapture that entrances ?
 Seen affection that enhances
 Every pleasure ?
 Why, De Lancey’s—
 Colonel Kane’s !

WOODIE, A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

. Oh, Woodie ! Don’t shoot, useless havoc creating—
 Like Captain Scott’s coon we’ll come down without waiting ;

Thy game-bag is filled with an endless variety—
The bird on the wing and the bird in society ;
Yea, sportsman ! The list of thy victims embraces
The feather-clad duck and the duck that's in laces.

COMMODORE NICHOLSON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER — SAINT
NICK TO OLD NICK.

My boy, I've heard your praises sung
By old and young ;
You've taught old Neptune how to sail
Before a gale :
You've learned how best to entertain
On land and main :
You've wooed the Muses and they threw
Some bays to you ;
You love the little girls and boys
And simple joys,
And know exactly where they live,
And how to give.
I'm tired. Come here ! Bend down your back !
There ! Take my pack !

A TOAST, TO ANNIE, THE SONGSTRESS.

Here's a brimming glass to Annie—
And a salutation meet,
For her face is fair and canny
And her voice is blithe and sweet.
When her lip a ballad utter
'Tis a joy to lean and listen—
There be gentle hearts that flutter—
There be tender eyes that glisten ;

All the thrushes gather near her
From the maples on the hill,
And the robins flock to hear her
And the larks keep still.

A LADY WHO WAS A FAMOUS COOK.

A diner-out to query "whence
Come motives of benevolence?—
The heart—what touch expands it?"
Replied in wise but jovial mood,
"The impulses to human good
Are chiefly due to well-cooked food—
Our hostess understands it :
Her guest reveals his happiest bent,
Rejoices in a life well-spent,
Feels such complacent self-content,
Such sympathy for sinners,
He swallows scruples and regrets,
Forgives his creditors, forgets
His peccadilloes and his debts
When he hath eat her dinners!"

SIBYL, A LADY VERY FOND OF FLOWERS.

When Sibyl, priestess of Cumæ,
Told to Anchises' son his fate,
"Write not on fragile leaves," cried he
"Thy visions of the nether gate ;
For Zephyr robs me of the prize—
He whirls them off before my eyes!"

Since then, the witches of her name
Write in their fortune-telling bowers

On Flora's pyramids of flame,
The leaves transmuted into flowers—
Upon the lily's fragrant snows
And petals of the golden rose.

A YOUNG LADY FOND OF PAINTING AND DEVOTED TO
CHARITY.

Both Charity and Art alike require
The highest genius. Few know how to give.
A misplaced coin upon a suppliant palm
May burn and brand that palm through wretched years.
The artist hand that holds the brush "Relief"
Must wield it skillfully or it will mar
More than repair. The eye that guides its path
Should know the lights and shadows of the world,
The chiaroscuro of the life of man,
The blended tints of joy and hope and love,
If it would ope the door of Want, and there
Efface the dismal pictures of the poor.

JOHN—A FAMOUS DISCIPLE OF WALTON.

Ere John the Fisherman was born
Bold salmon laughed the rod to scorn,
And flashed their gold among the hills;
Trout, jeering, twinkled down the rills,
The pickerel with sport were gay
And made a joyous holiday.
But now how is it?

Now, alas

Frightened they hide in tangled grass,
'Neath shady bank they silent lie
Since John the Skillful cast a fly;

In terror lurk and hold their breath
Knowing discovery is death,
And big trout to their babies say
“Look sharp for Fisher John to-day.”

A YOUNG SPORTSMAN, REGINALD.

A maiden strolled down by the creek
And, a quail flitting by,
She warbled “Look out, little chick,
And take care how you fly.
If Reginald sees you, you’re dead !
He’s adept at his art ;
He can hit any bird in the head—
Any girl in the heart !”

THE FORT AT ST. JOHN.²⁶

A ship arrived in Boston Bay,
Lord De la Tour commanding it,
Two centuries ago, and he
To aid their understanding it,
Exclaimed, “I am a Huguenot !
And Papists are attacking me ;
I want some soldiers, ships and shot,
If Protestants are backing me.

A man of sin, Lord Charnissey,
Has swooped upon my garrison
At fair St. John, with cruelty
And rage beyond comparison.
My fearless wife defends the fort,
Nor mercy seeks, nor lenity,
But Presbyterian support
From Puritan humanity.”

The meeting house they opened wide.

The Captain told his narrative ;
And some inquired for light to guide
While some were more declarative,
At which the deacon rose and said,
“ There clearly some division is ;
So we will have the Bible read
And see what its decision is.”

They conned its lessons and commands,
Its promises and menaces,
The back and forth of Judah's bands
From Malachi to Genesis.
And listening to the scripture they
Agreed that pain and misery 'll
Afflict the souls that disobey
An ordinance of Israel.

And one upspoke : “ Those men of God,
Of holiness and mettle, meant
That saints should never spare the rod,
But force a righteous settlement.
For did not Canaan draw its sword,
With Ashur days and Gideon nights,
To wreak the vengeance of the Lord
Upon the wicked Midianites ? ”

Another cried, “ We are forbid
To lead a warlike column on
Not only by what Ira did,
But by the words of Solomon
Directed to Jehoshaphat,
Who honored the canonicals—
The nineteenth chapter settles that—
Verse two, of Second Chronicles.”

Another said, "The Christian swords
Should smite the heathen's very tents.
We are the Lord's, and pagan hordes
Are give for our inheritance.
As warning folks who interfere
And swagger in the way of us,
Saint Peter clipped the hired man's ear,
And sent it down to Caiaphas.

"And Jeremire, don't ye know,
Encouraged Judah's rabble on
To arm and go, and fight the foe
And punish sinful Babylon?
When Satan leads his horrid host
'Tis blood their sin must wash away
From Baal-gad to Jordan's coast—
See Chapter XII of Joshua."

"Let's sail this morning!" one advised;
"Let's stay at home!" his brother said;
And each his own opinion prized
Unmindful what the other said.
Three weeks they argued pro and con
About the harried settlement,
While Papists rained their blows upon
The fort's beleaguered battlement.

At last relief was voted, and
A dozen ships were fitted out,
And under De la Tour's command.
The expedition flitted out
To seek the far-off Fundy's shore,
And St. John's fortress, where a pet
Of England's, Mrs. De la Tour,
Was fighting on the parapet.

A courier came. "Too late ! Too late !
The bloody-handed Saracen
Has seized the fort—oh, wretched fate !
And slain the captive garrison !
He killed your wife, but gave his life—
A dastard way of ending it :
His lady, who survived the strife
Is in the fort defending it."

He took the glass and loud exclaimed ;
" I see a lady !—is it her ?
O, nominative case be blamed !
Detail a squad—I'll visit her !
A lovely form and dancing eye !
This fatal contiguity !
The fortress I'll recover by
My British ingenuity ! "

He marched—a white flag waved above—
The widow C. awaiting it ;
He went, he saw, he fell in love
And she reciprocated it.
The two were wed ; the roses bloomed
And breathed their fragrant flattery,
And on the wedding morning boomed
The fort's abundant battery.

The widow Charnisseey resigned
As their commanding officer,
And said " My Lord, I'll march behind
And make your toast and coffee, sir ! "
In Cupid's flame the coldest thaws ;—
How charming must the sight have been !
They talked about how lucky 'twas
And how much worse it might have been !

Their late beloved they buried deep,
 And sadly said "What folly was
 The hate that such a crop could reap!
 Their lot how melancholy was!
 The heart grows sick with hatred, for
 We're human; but to cure it an
 Embrace is better far than war,
 And Cupid beats the Puritan!"

THE MEGATHERIUM.

APOSTROPHE TO THE GIGANTIC ARMADILLO PRESERVED IN WARD'S PLASTER CASTS.

Hail, thou awful form! Hail imperial browser!
 Vast similitude of bone and fatty matter!
 Hail! thou lantern-jawed apparition, where the
 Dickens didst thou come from?

Awe-inspiring monster! Chalky anticlinal!
 Stomach like a walking Heidelbergan beer-vat!
 Foot a plantigrade, tempting to the weary
 Like a fossil sofa.

Didst thou feed on ants? Basketful a minute?
 Were they very plenty? Did thy ration dwindle?
 Didst become a glutton, till thy food's extinction
 Made thee kick the bucket?

What a head thou hast for to fit a hat on!
 Full of brains it must have held at least a hogshead!
 What an editor thou wouldst have been to run the
 Psychozoic Herald!

What a mighty arm, stouter than a sawlog !
How I should have laughed to behold thee swing it
Balanced on thy tail and, loudly yelling " Whoop-la ! "
 Walloping the outfit !

Thou hast seen at least a million billion summers ;
Thine old hoofs have trod Jura-Trias mud-holes,
O'er Cretaceous landscapes rolled thy visual optics
 Bigger than a barrel !

Did the glyptodon and the brontosaurus
And the pterodactyl trouble thy dominion ?
Sleep with thee in Tophet ? Share thy dainty breakfast
 Of sulphuric acid ?

Mighty King of Tramps ! Meso-Cenozoic
Citizen arrayed in nitrogen nor carbon,
Welcome ! Salutamus ! Condescend to take the
 Freedom of the city !

THE TOILER.

To thee my heart o'erflows !
To thee who lifted me from lowest deeps,
And in thy strong arms bore me up the steeps
 Where wild abysses yawned and mountains rose,
Through centuries sin-beset to better days,
 I lift my grateful praise !

All forces pulled me down ;
The burden of ancestral weakness hung
About my neck, the days when earth was young
 Mantled my pathway like a giant's frown ;
Yet, mid the darkness I beheld thee stand
 And felt thy potent hand.

What skill and courage thine !
What blessings to the famished earth hast brought !
What marvels and what miracles hast wrought,
Amending still creation's rude design !
For all thou didst to lift and rescue me,
My loving thanks to thee !

What debt to thee I owe !
On cross and scaffold thou hast died for me.
By torch and fagot, on the maddened sea,
In blood-stained jungle, in the haunts of woe,
Eager thy precious love and life to give,
That I and mine might live !

From cave of troglodyte
Thou'st planned our cities ; from the hollowed tree
Hast called our gallant navies to the sea ;
From plague and famine, war and stygian night,
At anvil, bench and loom and whirring wheel
Hast built the commonweal !

For me thy blood was shed,
When thou wast maimed in battle's red recoil ;
For me wast tortured on the rack of toil ;
For me the argosies of Science led ;
For me the fangs of all the dragons drew
And made the world anew !

Thy works I glorify !
For me thou'st faced the wreck, the burning mine,
The anarch's torch, Contagion's lurid sign,
Saluting thee for all thy suffering, I
Would set upon thy brow a diadem
And kiss thy garment's hem.

Before our days, the sum
Of all we prize—laws, language, hamlets, marts,
Books, patterns, customs, morals, manners, arts,—
Thou’st fashioned for us in thy martyrdom ;
Wherefore let earth a glad oblation raise,
And sing a psalm of praise !

A VISION.

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE GRAND ARMY, IN WASH-
INGTON, 1892.

Last night I dreamt a dream of ill
That made my veins with terror chill,
And my poor, quivering heart stand still.

I dreamt foul Treason’s dreadful blow
Had laid the great Republic low
And slain it,—thirty years ago.

The old Confederate chief to me
The Nation’s head appeared to be ;
Its capital—Montgomery.

Potomac’s pride was sad to view ;
For cattle browsed and grasses grew
In every spacious avenue.

Its homes were blighted with decay :
Its wretched hovels hid from day ;
Its temples tall in ruin lay.

Hushed was the patriot’s glad acclaim,
For haggard Want was wed to Shame,
In mockery of a hero’s name.

Beneath the dome's high architrave
An auctioneer, in trappings brave,
Sold on the block a helpless slave.

Across the greensward, impotent,
A baleful broken shadow bent—
The torso of the monument.

Grim Bondage over all the land,
From lucent lake to ocean strand,
Had laid its paralyzing hand.

Labor fought Hunger as it could ;
For Wealth withdrew in sullen mood
And wheel and spindle silent stood.

And Death held Freedom as a guest.
In Slavery's shroud her limbs were dressed.
The asp was at her perfect breast.

I dreamt, and struggled with dismay—
The monstrous Ogre on me lay ;—
I shook it off—and it was day !

I looked and saw fair visions come—
The silver bubble of the dome,—
And knew that Freedom had a home !

I saw yon finished shaft immersed
In radiance stand—the golden burst
Of sunrise touched its summit first.

With color all the air was bright,
For blossoms, blue and red and white,
Had climbed the halyards in the night !

I heard the drum's exultant rout—
I seized a flag and shook it out
And shouted to the answering shout :

“ Hurrah ! See mighty justice win !
 Columbia's sons are all akin ;
 The homestead's safe ! Come in ! Come in !

“ Come in and rest, ye worn and scarred ;
 A world's applause is your reward—
 Freedom's exultant body-guard !

“ Come bind again her virgin zone
 And sit beside her burnished throne—
 Her opulent halls are all your own ! ”.

SONG OF THE SILK LOOM.

I'm busy all day—
 I'm busy all day—
 The work is but play—
 The work is but play—

The wages of toil—
 The wages of toil—
 A spoonful of oil—
 A spoonful of oil—

My masters may plan—
 My masters may plan—
 I'm robbing no man—
 I'm robbing no man—

Fatigue I ne'er feel—
 Fatigue I ne'er feel—
 My muscles are steel—
 My muscles are steel—

And much can endure—
 And much can endure—

I work for the poor—

I work for the poor—

Their homes I adorn—

Their homes I adorn—

In tints of the morn—

In tints of the morn—

Their children I fold—

Their children I fold—

In raiment of gold—

In raiment of gold—

Their wives I array—

Their wives I array—

In garniture gay—

In garniture gay—

Like drapery seen—

Like drapery seen—

On duchess and queen—

On duchess and queen—

I blessings insure—

I blessings insure—

I work for the poor—

I work for the poor—

I work with the best—

I work with the best—

And ask for no rest—

And ask for no rest—

I cheerfully sing—

I cheerfully sing—

The bobbin I fling—

The bobbin I fling—

It's touch is aglow—
 It's touch is aglow—
 With roses and lo—
 With roses and lo—

All over the room—
 All over the room—
 The warp is abloom—
 The warp is abloom—

I much can endure—
 I much can endure—
 I work for the poor—
 I work for the poor—

THE BEST GOVERNMENT.

In far Missouri's Council Hall
 The Hon'ble Nicholas Price arose—
 'Twas a sultry day in the later fall,
 When the first day's session crept to a close ;
 They paused to hear what he had to say,
 And he said, with aspect sad and stern
 (As if it had troubled his mind all day),
 " I move that the House do now adjourn ! "

It did. When next day drew to an end,
 The Hon'ble Nicholas Price arose
 With wrathful mien, as if to defend
 His country against her hated foes.
 He lifted his quivering hand on high
 And unto the Speaker was seen to turn,
 And he shouted (a tear in his pensive eye)
 " I move that the House do now adjourn ! "

So day by day, and week by week,
The Hon'ble Nicholas Price was there ;
The members smiled when he rose to speak,
For he always had such an injured air.
He waived his arms and shook his head
And for social sympathy seemed to yearn,
And he said ('twas all he ever said)
" I move that the House do now adjourn ! "

His soul was happy in that one plaint ;
And his constituents rose and said
" Our member ain't any slouch, he ain't ! "
And they gave him a cane with a golden head.
His brain was big with affairs of state ;
With high ambition he seemed to burn ;
But he cried (perhaps he was truly great)
" I move that the House do now adjourn ! "

A teacher was he in the Fabian school ;
In the pulpit of Laissez faire the priest ;
He held to the homeopathic rule :
" The physic is best that physics least. "
Perchance 'twas wise that thus he sped
The lesson we're all of us slow to learn,
In saying (it needs to be often said)
" I move that the House do now adjourn ! "

A SAY ON MAN.

Awake St. Lager ! Leave all idle camps
To mad perdition—and the pride of tramps ;
Let us (since thou wilt earn, when law allows,
Thy bread by sweat of other people's brows)
Expatriate free o'er all the realm of work,—
A mighty maze, attractive to a shirk.

Let us go bellowing thro this foamy field
And see what lives of laziness can yield ;
Give Labor holiday, scorn Hunger's whips
And snatch the biscuit from the children's lips ;
Be sober when we may, quaff what we can,
And spurn the ways of Vanderbilt to man.

Beneath thy red flag, Saint of the Commune !
The fool begins his bloody bout too soon ;
Crazed to the core, he in a war engages
And smites the hand just raised to shed his wages !
Wisdom observes, with no superfluous clack,
A handcar or a comet fly the track,
The death of planet or potato-bug,
And now an ocean drained and now a mug.

Holes spring eternal in the human purse ;
Man hopes, and strikes, and goes from bad to worse ;
Will wealth flow freely to the Anarch's wand ?
Will angry words make larger the demand ?
Is wage not measured by supply of skill ?
Will water volunteer to run up hill ?

In work, in steady work, all honor lies ;
The best man ever has a chance to rise ;
If plucky, there need be no looking back
For him who wheels a barrow down the track ;
The trackman as a brakeman soon appears ;
Brakemen are stokers ; stokers engineers ;
The engineers become conductors then,
And use their wits directing other men ;
Conductors persevere in the ascent
And end, if worthy, in the management.
Employoe and employer, how allied !
What thin partitions brain from brawn divide !

All are but parts of one stupendous whale
Whose body credit is, and cash the tail.

George Henry, who attacks our equal tax,
Should con these truths and tread in Wisdom's tracks :
All land is worthless save to prescient men ;
All profit waiteth for the prophet's ken ;
All capital is thrift, whose savings grow ;
All luck is foresight which he does not know ;
All wealth, frugality, which few have had ;
All partial mob-law, universal bad ;
Though Coxey's still at last, and Homestead quiet,
This truth is clear, whatever riz was riot.

OUR FLAG.

"Haul down the starry flag?"

Yea, if unfurled by Brag!

Yea, if thieves hung it
Over a robbers' lair!

Yea, if on alien air

Cowards have flung it!

"Under it Perry fought!"

Sure! shall those dearly bought

Folds beatific

Be used to plunder weak

Islanders in the bleak

Middle Pacific?

"Under it Porter sailed."

True, but he would have jailed

Jingo and Yahoo

If they had crossed his keel

When they conspired to steal

Little Oahu!

“ Cheers for old Freedom’s flag ! ”

Demagogues use the gag

 Fooling the voters ;

Profits and politics

Hiding the huckster tricks

 Of the “ promoters ! ”

“ Hurrah for liberty ! ”

Ah, our disgrace may be

 Found in the story !

Hypocrite cries deceive,

While Mammon’s touch shall leave

 Stains on Old Glory !

CROOK AND THE APACHES—1887.

The caroling cowboys, each mounted upon a molar
Lasses and mud-colored mule (for “ economo ”)
Scour Arizona to capture Geronimo.

The chief has eluded. They’ve lassoed and buried an
Indian or two, that were known to be very dan-
gerous marauders, by order of Sheridan.

Report of a massacre—straightway out goes a
Command to the camp at the Grand Alamosa
To send up a squad to defend Tularosa.

Crook forwards the order, and then he expects a co-
adjutor there will not let redskins vex a co-
lonial settlement down in New Mexico.

Result : Forty scalps, all of hues the most various ;
And many rough mounds in a region malarious,
Where earns the war sexton his living precarious.

We'd not like to be the frontiersman who snatches
Cat-naps o'er his gun till unguarded he catches
His foe. But then, who'd like to be the Apaches ?

A WORD FOR THE KANAKAS.

ZEBULUN BAXTER TALKS TO HIMSELF (1894).

Ive read the Honeyluly news
Thets printed in our weekly paper,
And blush thet Uncle Sam should choose
To cut up sech a crooked caper :
To grab them islands in the sea
And coolly call it honest dealin !
Why, neighbor, it appears to me
The question is, is stealin stealin ?

Ive heared about " the pagan pest,"
The " dreadful crimes," the " pallis revils,"
And how her Magistys possest
Of two extremely lively devils ;
But we know all the vices ; let
Our toughest hoodlums loose a minit
Theyd paint the sky bloodred ; I bet
Queen Lilywalky wouldnt be in it !

But spose her vices air above
The everidge ; spose the throne is tainted ;
And spose the devils spoken of
Air twice es black es they air painted ;
What consequence is that while she
Is to our manliness appealin ?
Shant we return her propetty ?
Whoever tis, aint stealin stealin ?

Say ! spose yer neighbor is a crank,
 Or holds a creed you dont believe in ;
 Then spose you go an rob his bank
 An make it yer excuse for thievin ;
 An spose, wen ketched, you up an plead
 You robbed im cause he warnt a Christian,
 You spose twould justify the deed ?
 Is stealin stealin ? thats the question.

Youd say—so mighty avaricious—
 “ The loot is in my hands de facto ”
 (French for dishonest) and too vicious
 The owner is to give it back to !
 So this Highwayman govment says
 While all its pirate bells air pealin.
 But let it dread the comin days—
 Fer most folks think thet stealins stealin !

THE RHINE.

Far up the river southward bound,
 Through vistas of enchanted ground ;
 The hills, with feudal castles crowned,
 Wear mantles of the verdant vine ;
 Along the wave trip fairy bands,
 And Lorelei bewitching stands
 Upon the cliff, and waves her hands
 Above the shadows of the Rhine.

The precious hill-sides !—every foot
 To fair fertility is put ;
 Bright cereal and fragrant fruit
 Along the teeming valley shine,

And charming pictures are espied
Behind, before, on either side,
As through trim terraces we glide
Around the windings of the Rhine.

On Rolandseck there hangs a frown ;
The Drachenfels looks sternly down ;
Old haunted castle-ruins crown
The woody heights of Hammerstein ;
The Sternberg still could tell a tale
Of Conrad and the Holy Grail,
And Guda sees her image pale
Within the mirror of the Rhine !

Here Lahneck bends its swarthy brows.
On yonder slope King Wenceslaus
Quaffed of the fatal Asmanhaus
And swapped his heavy crown for wine ;
Here floats at anchor on the stream
A mossy mill whose slow wheels seem
To slumber as they doze and dream
And softly dip the drowsy Rhine.

The pictures !—how they shift and change
In magic transposition strange !
Here shoots aloft a mountain range,
Till in the clouds its turrets shine ;
Here velvet meadows calmly flow
And brooks come singing soft and low
Their tinkling treasures to bestow
Upon the glacier-cradled Rhine.

Yonder a diva plays coquette
Upon a ducal parapet,

And there a crucifix is set,
And here a little wayside shrine,
And here a king without a throne,—
Without a scepter of his own—
Has built a prison-house of stone
Above the ripples of the Rhine.

The aster—day's transcendent star—
Beside the hedge-row shines afar;
About the base of Altenaar
Delinquent honeysuckles twine,
And many a common meadow flower—
Child of the Rhenish sun and shower—
Is sweetly set as beauty's dower
Along the valley of the Rhine.

The blossoms down the hill-side chase
Each other in a merry race
With eager eye and glowing face :
Angelica and columbine,
Campanula and lilies rank
Run stooping o'er the weedy bank
Where erst the water-witches drank,
And dabble in the flowing Rhine.

The river, when you're southward bound,
Shows vistas of enchanted ground ;
The hills, with ruined castles crowned,
Wear mantles of the fruity vine ;
Along the wave trip fairy bands,
And Lorelei bewitching stands
Upon the cliff and waves her hands
Above the shadows of the Rhine.

PISA TO GENOA.

From Pisa to Genoa goes the road
By cliffs that are tunneled and gulfs bestrode,
Where the Appenines stoop and the sea-waves play
And the locomotive is splashed with spray ;
Out of the sun and into the cave
That opens its maw by the dancing wave,
Out of the cave and into the sun,
And into the cave till the day is done.
Out !—a little boat nears the shore ;
A little girl smiles in a cottage door ;
At the right are sheep on the steep asleep,
And off at the left the wild waves leap,
And the crags have learned the rackety knack,
“ Clackaty-clack ! Clackaty-clack ! ”
In !—I wonder who 'twas afloat,
And why the maiden was watching the boat.
A roar in the gloom of the rushing car :
“ Waaa !—aaa !—aaa !—aaaaar ! ”
Out !—We are poised on the airy track—
“ Clackaty-clack !—clackaty-clack ! ”
Above the savage abyss we're hung,
And every battlement finds a tongue
As through the gorge the echoes are flung,
Hither and yon and out and back—
Hark ! the bark of a wolfish pack :
“ Clackaty-clack !—clackaty-clack ! ”
Out of the cave and into the sun,
And into the cave till the ride is run.
A mountain-brook from a high rock springs ;
A bird stands still on fluttering wings ;
A baby is sleeping beneath a tree,
And the sun is white on a sail at sea

In !—How brave was the brooklet's leap ;
 How very fair was the child asleep !
 How sweet was the sun on the sail afar !—

“ Waaa !—aaa !—aaa !—aaaaar ! ”

Out of the cave, and into the sun,
 And into the cave till the day is done.

Out !—how purple the clusters hang !

In !—the bang of the angry clang !—

“ Waa—aaa ! Clackaty-clack ! ”

Every rock renews the attack ;

But a glimpse is caught of a castle high,

And a moldy church in a perch near by,

And groves of olives that shine between,

And a cottage that sits on a slope serene,

And a lateen sail at the harbor-bar.

“ Waaa !—aaa !—aaa !—aaaaar ! ”

Out of the glory, into the gloom,

An arabesque shot on a granite loom,

Where ever and ever the shuttle fills

With warp of the cloud and woof of the hills,

And the silver thread of the shining rills.

We cleave the mountain and leap the vale ;

From Pisa to Genoa runs the rail,

Out of the sun and into the cave

That opens its maw by the dancing wave ;

Out of the cave, and into the sun,

And into the cave till the day is done !

IN 1864.

“ Thomas still moving ”—very good !

The cause is clearly understood—

He doesn't like his neighbor Hood.

A LIVING MEMORY.

My absent daughter—gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade !
O, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,
I feel the pressure of your small, warm hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine !

The birds all sing of you, my darling one ;
Your day was just begun,
But you had learned to love all things that grew ;
And when I linger by the streamlet's side
Where weed and bush to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it glows
In purple trance above the waterfall ;
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
And sets your dear face in its feathery frond ;
The winds blow chill, but, sounding over all,
I hear your sweet voice call !

My gentle daughter ! With us you have stayed.
Your life doth never fade !
O, evermore I see your blue eyes shine.
In subtle moods I cannot understand,
I feel the flutter of your tender hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine !

A WARNING.

Our office door was open swung
And in there strode a rural feller
Whose jaw was rather loosely hung ;
He waved his cotton umbereller
And shouted " Here ! I've came to bring
(I've traveled fast and traveled far)
A poem on the Vernal Spring "—
'Twas all he said. There was a jar.
A sulphurous cloud came through the floor ;
A smothered wail of discontent
Arose ; I never saw him more
Or even knew which way he went.
There is no subterranean vat
In which to cook a tiresome felier,
But our old janitor wears his hat
And sports his cotton umbereller.

A THOROUGHFARE UNDER THE OCEAN.

Far off to the northward, Fire Island
Sits low, like a heron at rest ;
As the pleasant breeze slips from the highland
The white ripples break at its breast ;
And inland the gardens, displaying
Their beauty, with blossoms are rife,
Where rootlets insensate are laying
Their lips to the fountains of life.

Our steamer leaps light through the water,
Alert as a bird on the land ;
It seems as though Neptune had caught her
And held her aloft in his hand.

And yet, taking all things together,
The chances of losses and gain,
The icebergs, the wind and the weather,
My preference is for the train.

A thoroughfare under the sea
Is what the Parisians propose.
How snug and secure it would be,
Away from the billows and blows !
Away from the bridges and trestles,
With merely a rhythmical motion—
Away from the breakers and vessels—
A thoroughfare under the ocean !

“ All aboard for a dive for New York ! ”
All aboard for the plunge to go back !
The cars, being light as a cork,
Would have to run under the track ;
For they'd pop to the top like a bubble
Attempting a free locomotion,
And then it would get into trouble—
The thoroughfare under the ocean.

What larks in trolling for sharks !
What gales in bobbing for whales !
What ghosts from barnacled barks
Would break out of submarine jails !
What mermaids arisen from slumber
Would splash the saliferous lotion !
O, sights and delights without number—
The thoroughfare under the ocean !

A fleet without paddle or sail ;
A train without throttle or steam ;

Tied to a leviathan's tail
'Twould fly like a soul in a dream.
If tourists would seek for the treasure
In old sunken wrecks, I've a notion
'Twould prove both a profit and pleasure,
This thoroughfare under the ocean.

TO ITALY.

Italia ! Heritage of sun and song !
Through vistas of the Rhenish Alps I gaze
At thy mirage above the Southern haze,
Where languidly the Arno creeps along
The land beloved of poets. Still among
The Tuscan vines the sportive satyr plays -
As in the pleasant old Arcadian days
When Dante wrote and Beatrice was young.
And yet is thine a melancholy dower
Of beauty, for 'tis very sad to see
So fair a land so full of sorrowing !
How long shall timid peasants kneel to power,
And by anointed robbers plundered be—
The twin banditti of the priest and king !

THE ARRIVAL OF THE MESSIAH.

The pews were nearly empty. Here and there
A sombre woman watched her little brood
Who hitched about and thought of pleasant fields ;
For all the air was warm with summer's breath,
And maple twigs that touched the window-sill
Were sentient with the robin's liquid song,
Which playfully flung up and tossed about
The last faint note the fluttering organ breathed,

Until it whistled from the groined arch
To living arch of green. A few lone men
Sought postures for a comfortable rest
Upon the velvet cushions. Fronting all,
The spacious carven pulpit lifted high
A swarthy man whose soft melodious voice
Was pitched upon a single quavering note
Monotonous for warning or reproof.

Beneath his outstretched hand a spotless cloth
Concealed the sanguinary sacrifice—
The symbols of the body and the blood
Of Jesus, crucified on Calvary.
And on the snow-white table sifted down
Through gothic windows rich with classic art,
The opulent sunshine—red and blue and gold.

“Oh, heed the meaning of this awful rite!”
Appealed the finely modulated tones :
“The Saviour of the world was slain for you !
He was betrayed and nailed upon the cross
That through the great atonement of his blood
They who believe might have eternal life.
Neglect this hour and you mayhap are lost
To perish in the gulf forevermore !
And he will come again to judge the world—
How soon, who knows ? This year ? Perhaps to-day !
O, ye beloved ! Heed his awful voice !”

The women moved uneasily ; the men
Nodded and yawned and strove to keep awake.
And still the preacher’s soothing voice went on :

“Lo ! the Messiah will return to earth
On wings of mercy and avenging wrath
To judge the quick and dead. To bless or curse.

He well may come in these tumultuous times
When Pestilence walks forth at noonday ; when
Storms smite the sea and simoons fret the land ;
When niggard Earth gives forth her scanty yield,
And Misery dwells in cities ; when the hand
Of Industry is empty and its voice
Portends the tempest that shall rock the world !
Awake ! ye sinful slumberers—awake.”

He paused. The stertorous breathing showed content.
Good Deacon Grey against a pillar leaned
And drew a silken kerchief o’er his head
And publicly reposed. Sweet odors came
From grass new-mown ; the buzz of truant bees
Blent with the murmur of complaining flies
And filled the aisles with song, as softly fell
A stranger’s footstep in the vestibule.
He entered : stopped : a man of middle years
Whom suns had tanned ; a flush upon his cheek,
Brown, wavy hair and yellow beard unkempt,
Thin, sympathetic nose and tremulous lip,
And dark, deep eyes, beneath a brow of pain—
Around his form a tattered mantle drawn.

“ Awake ! ” the preacher cried. “ Ye careless souls,
Beware the judgment when the Christ shall come.
Beware the menace of that awful hour
When He shall sternly meet you face to face
Dispensing life or everlasting death !
And if He came to-day and summoned you,
And stood in yonder door and spread his arms
As on the hills above Jerusalem,
And cried aloud ‘ Ye mortals, I am He !
How often have I called you to repent ! ’

How would you greet the glorious messenger?
Would you salute Him as the Lord of Souls
And bow yourselves before Him in the dust?
Or would you challenge Him, as Thomas did,
Deny Him in dismay, as Peter did,
Betray Him to the law, as Judas did,
Or jeer and scoff as did the godless mob,
If He should stand before you at this hour
And cry aloud, 'Ye mortals! I am He!'"

The stranger raised his hands amid the pause
And loud exclaimed "Ye mortals, I am He!
How often have I called you to repent?
I am the Christ ye worship, knowing not;
Lo! I am come again to judge the world!"

Great was the tumult, and the preacher cried
"Impostor and blasphemer,—peace! be still!
Disturber of our worship—get you hence!"
The deacon snatched the kerchief from his head,
And rubbing eyes and muttering "Here! What's this?
The fellow's crazy!" hastened from the church,
And at the corner rang a little bell.

"I am the Christ!" the stranger sternly said.
"Must I be stoned again and crucified?
Drink vinegar and wear a crown of thorns?
Wo! Wo! Ye Pharisees and hypocrites
Who pray and swallow up the widow's home!
Who dance, forgetful of the fatherless!
Who feast in temples while they starve in huts.
Who deck the pompous synagogue in gold
And lift its braggart steeple to the sky
And robe in silks while millions are in rags!
I say again the same thing unto thee:

If thieves shall take thy coat give them thy cloak,
Or smite thee on the right cheek, turn the left.
Blessed are they who have no earthly goods,
For they shall prosper in the life to come.
Like sparrows, for to-morrow take no thought;
If thou hast hoarded for a rainy day
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
Tear down thy palaces and follow me!
I am the messenger whom God hath sent—
His only Son—the man of Nazareth.
I am the Word, the Way, the Truth, the Life;
He who believes on me can never die!
And he who doubteth is already damned!"

"Here—here! What's this?" inquired a breathless man
With shield of brass upon a field of blue,
"Who's making this disturbance on my beat?"
He seized the sad-eyed stranger, dragged him down
And hurried him away with the remark
"It's odd how many tramps there is this year."
The preacher to the women huddled round
Sagely observed "That man must be insane."
"Talks just exactly like it," one replied.

Next morning found the stranger hollow-eyed
And haggard, standing in the prisoner's dock.
The officer arraigned him, saying "Judge,
This anarchist disturbed a Christian church,
And spoke, your Honor, horrid blasphemy;
He claimed that he was Christ, the Son of God!"

"And if he is," the pastor softly said,
"He'd better work a miracle right here
And save himself from getting into jail."

The stranger bowed his head upon his hands,
And murmured "Ever, evermore the same!"

The Judge addressed him: "Vagrant—nothing worse—
I sentence you—'twill help you to reform—
To twenty days or twenty dollars. Next!"

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Around St. Luke's the evening air was murk,
And o'er the river hung enshrouding fogs.
Within, on weary beds, pale sufferers tossed
And waited for the ghostly Summoner,
Or o'er the lawn outside the windows marked
The laggard Spring put forth her promises
In cheerful catkins of the cottonwood.

Two men upon the darkening couches lay,
Who never more would look upon the sun.

Adolphus Potter, known and honored far
As rector of the church Immanuel,
With fever wasted, at the door of death,
Uprose in bed, and, heedless of his pain,
In trance of exaltation cried aloud.

"What would'st thou?" asked the priestly visitor.
"Thy life hath been an open book of good.
Thy sins are all forgiven, and at the gate
The saints await thee, blest to enter in."

"Almighty Father!" prayed the suffering man,
"My one petition grant this final hour!
O, save my soul! Let not my light go out!
O, Christ! As I have praised thee—worshipped thee—
Now intercede that I may not be lost

And perish in the bottomless abyss
 Of endless wrath like them who know thee not !
 Save me, O Lord ! Lift up my shrinking soul
 And bear it to the realms of perfect joy,
 Where sickness never comes, or death, or pain,
 Or loss, or fear, or toil or weariness,
 Or anxious thought or care for those we love—
 The realms of peace and never-ending rest !
 O, save my soul ! Lord Jesus, save my soul !
 Let me enjoy the bliss of thine abode
 Where poverty and suffering enter not,
 And where unceasing rise the songs of praise
 To God and to the Lamb—oh ! save my soul !
 Oh, grant ”—convulsively he clasped the hand
 That held his own, fell calmly back and died.

In Ward 18 lay stretched a man of years—
 A surfman—Benedict Dale of Barnegat.
 A wrinkled, weather-beaten hulk was his,
 All seamed with time and toil and bowed with care.
 Surgeons had left him : he was past all help ;
 For underneath him, from an ugly gap
 Made by a splintered spar, his life-blood oozed.

“ Good morning ! ” spake the priestly visitor.
 “ Ah ! I remember you ! A man of deeds !
 Life-saving Service ! Station down the coast.
 After you fought the storms for twenty years
 You have received a very grievous wound.”

The sick man turned his face and murmured “ Yes !
 Ketched quite a clip—I got in th’ way at last !
 Shan’t weather it. I guess I’m goin’ to die ! ”

“ We all must die ” replied the clergyman,
 “ But, brother—have you made your peace with Heaven ? ”

"Not specially," said Benedict.

"But your soul,"

Pursued the visitor—"I trust 'tis safe."

"Well, now," the sick man whispered, "I declare
I scurcely ever thought about it once!

My soul? I doubt ef 'tis. So much to do,
It had to wait fer more important things."

"It had to wait? Your soul? O, careless man!"

Exclaimed the shocked and anxious visitor;

"Your soul! Your soul! It is the only thing
That hath importance in this fleeting life!"

"It had to wait," persisted Surfman Dale;

"So many folks in trouble all the while,

So many ships with signals of distress—

So many fiery torches on the beach—

So many boats thet founder in the waves—

Why, scurce a week that some fool cap'n don't

Wreck a whole ship-load on the Jersey coast.

Whenever I got thinkin' 'bout my soul

Some one in trouble took my 'tention off.

I don't know whether 'twill be saved er not."

"Unhappy friend!" the minister rejoined;

"Your state alarms me! Nothing in this world

Requires attention like your sinsick soul.

O, plead in prayer that it may perish not!"

"Parson," the surfman answered, "do you know,

A-savin' others' bodies I have had

A heap more pleasure—cur'ous as it seems—

Than dwellin' on the savin' of my soul.

Lately I've thought—I wonder ef it's sin—

That my old soul ain't wuth much worriment,
Although I'm shoalin' right in sight o' shore !”

“ Have you no terror ? Fear you not to die ?
Remember—'tis an awful thing to fall
Into the hands of an Almighty God ! ”

“ I shouldn't suppose 'twould be,” the surfman said.

“ What of the future ? ” asked the clergyman.

“ I've thought o' that,” the sick man faintly sighed.

“ If there's another world, as you folks says—

But then, I reckon you don't reelly know,—

I'd joy to cruise there, for I tell you what,

I'd like a chance to rally now and then

At sound of bell or cannon helpin' folks

In peril or in pain, that needs a hand.”

“ There are no such, my friend ; all Heaven is joy—
There is no pain, and none in need of help.”

“ None ? Then I couldn't labor at my trade.

I'd rather stay on earth, a thousand times,

Or die forever when I die to-day,

Than dwell in joy while there is misery here,

Or anybody suffers anywhere.

Why, I would jest as soon be petrified.

Among the lost, perhaps, I'd have a chance.”

He paused. His breath almost deserted him ;

His pulse was but a feebly fluttering thread,

But he went on, “ As I was sayin' Cap—

And if there is no Heaven—perhaps there ain't,—

I'd like to hev my comrades bury me

Beside some common path, and in my name

Plant vines and cultivate 'em till they bear

Bushels of grapes a year and free to all !
And tell my son, when back he comes from sea,
Tell Ben I charge him with my latest breath
To take my vacant place where breakers yell,
And ships are flung ashore at Barnegat,
And spend his years in savin' castaways,
And risk his life that other men may live.
What for ? To get the greatest happiness :—
Nothin' I ever tried pays half so well.
However willin', few accomplish much.
I never saved a half as many lives
As Surfman Hardy, who—''

A silence fell.

The white lips trembling, spake no more ; the eyes
Filled with the mists of ocean. He was dead.

IMMORTALITY.

Man is immortal. What the schoolmen taught,
What monks proclaim and ministers declare,
That when the eyes are dim and heart is still
The mind, a long-imprisoned, homesick bird,
Breaks from its convoluted cage and soars
To some fair clime of fountains, flowers and rest—
Some realm of endless love and peace and joy—
Is what no man can know. And still the monks
Make merchandise of dreams, and pulpiteers
Still sell their guesses in the market-place,
And sorrowing women hurry with their coin
To buy the precious stores of rhapsody.

And yet is man immortal. So declare
The holy gnostics of this later day
Who zealously explore the cosmic realm :

The sacred prophets of the crucible ;
The priests who bow before the microscope ;
The seers who baffle the Plutonian sphinx,
And read aright the riddle of the rocks
And eons count in Terra's wrinkled skin ;
The undismayed apostles of the sky
Who analyze the sun's embraided beam
And weigh the light from flaming Regulus ;
The patient martyrs with the scholar's torch
Who humbly worship at the shrine of Truth.
All these agree man wears upon his brow
The triple crown of immortality.

Eternal matter in perpetual flight !
The molecules that mould this throbbing heart,
Ere passed to me for transitory use,
Have filled the warp and woof of many a loom
Sped by a ceaseless shuttle. They have danced
And sparkled down the foamy cataract ;
Have glowed in yellow cowslip of the vale,
And clung with edelweiss to Jungfrau's cliff ;
Have hid in sunless caverns of the earth
Where granite swims upon a molten sea ;
Have lurked beneath the reptile's poison-fang,
And given voice to red-winged thunderbolt,
And tinged with fluttering rose a maiden's lip,
And blazed in furnaces of far-off suns,
And floated on the tenuous nebula
The cradle of a callow universe !
And when my quivering pulses cease to throb
The tireless atoms of this changeling heart
Shall still dance down the vistas of the world
And fill all measures of material life :
Shall seek Cimmerian depths of nether seas ;

Shall tip with gold the lily's crystal cup ;
Shall sleep in dormant clod, awake in dew
And carol in the thrush's cheery song ;
Shall climb in succulent sap the vernal vine
And feed, through fluttering leaves, the hungry air,
And take siesta on the violet cloud,
And visit all the macrocosm of worlds.

I am Immortal !

The transmutations of the fluent earth
Proclaim me indestructible—a part
Of all that was, and is, and is to be !

Immortal Influence ! Whatsoe'er we touch
Receives an impulse that can never die.
As apple tossed but lightly from the hand,
Lifts up the Earth to meet it as it falls—
As each small drop we add to Ocean's cup
Sculptures the head-land of remotest shores—
As step of urchin shakes the planet's bulk
And makes its orbit flutter—as a word
Breathed on the palpitant air takes flight in waves
That speed the simoon on Formosan seas,
So largest feels the tangency of least
Where man doth meet and greet his fellow man.
Ere man a biped stood, a crimson rose
In sudden whirl of zones was rudely plucked
And, thrust in icy cell, was floated far
Through crystal centuries, till flung ashore
On Albion's isle, a strange and radiant bloom,
Since tuneful Tennyson touched his latest chord.
Thus man, enshrined in law, goes drifting out—
A waif on fluctuant tides of stormy seas.
None liveth to himself. The band of fate,
The spotless baldrick of the Sisters Three,

Girds us around with stringent thews of force.
 Heredity unnerves Volition's arm,
 And on the anvil where we helpless cry,
 The clanging hammer of environment
 Gives shape fantastic. Others fashion us
 And we, in turn, mould others' lives for them.
 Each act becomes creative ; every word
 Like sculptor's burin upon plastic clay.
 As some bright star extinguished ages since
 And hurled, a darkling ember, down the void.
 Still sheds its lucent beam on mortal gaze,
 So we the last catastrophe survive
 And shine along the dear familiar paths.
 We are immortal !
 Our influence, great or small or good or ill,
 Will live forever, ineffaceable,
 And on the future's sky our shadow fall
 Like spectre on the Brocken's sunset mist.

Immortal Thought ! Although the alluring dream
 That Consciousness can leap the Stygian gulf
 Should prove a foolish figment of the brain
 Wherewith we love to flatter vanity,
 Imperial Thought shall grant a lease eterne.
 Life's rosy gates stand open to the past ;
 For who recalls the hour or day of birth ?
 Or week or month or year ? None woman-born !
 The thought runs back beyond the memory.
 We lived but have forgot. We saw and heard,
 But lo ! the precious garnered store was lost,
 Spilt through Mnemosyne's unfinished sieve.
 Yet sometimes now flit half-remembered things
 And twitter at the windows of our hearts,
 And plead for recognition ; Reverie

Reminds us that we knew them in the days
When Earth was young, ere Juno loved and wed
Or tuneful Memnon sang to listening Dawn.
Man is immortal !
For, leaping Recollection's utmost pale,
The endless centuries of the sun are ours
And we are linked to past eternities.

The Present !—fount of immortality !
Our far-off sires who fought with ravenous beasts
And dressed in skins and dwelt in huts of clay,
Embittered with their famished, wretched lives,
Were wont to visit Fancy's radiant realm,—
The Golden Age when life was always joy,
When men were always wise and women good,
And Earth was crowned with happiness supreme ;
Or else, perchance, they dreamt of Paradise,
And reveled in a future glorified,
Where joyous souls, disencumbered of their flesh,
In gorgeous palaces of precious stone
Should feast at bounteous tables of the gods,
With seraphim to set the viands on.
Now ravenous beast is slain, hut grown to house,
And famine desolates the earth no more.
We win immortal victory over Pain ;
We harness Satan to our flying car ;
We bridle the rebellious thunderbolt,
Enslave all Nature's insubordinate powers,
Give holiday to Labor, hope to Fear,
And flaming apotheosis to man.
We push our small horizon till it clasps
The vast periphery of the universe.
We lift our shallow sky till it contains .
All thrones of all the gods that men have made.

We build our Eden here ; we sip its springs ;
Its tree of knowledge taste and find it good.
We dwell in stately temples made with hands
And walk the fields Elysian and rejoice.
We ride the fiery chariot of the stars,
And drink the dulcet ichor of the gods.

O, halcyon Future ! None can taste of death.
Where we are loitering life alone can dwell.
We hold to-morrow in perpetual fee :
We warm ourselves beneath to-morrow's sun ;
We taste to-morrow's motley sweets, we drink
To-morrow's nectar, pluck to-morrow's flowers,
And thrill beneath to-morrow's passion-gust.
Ah, Plato, true ! Where we are death is not.
Man is immortal !

The latest thought of my exhausted brain
Shall toward the portals of to-morrow turn
To watch the pageant of the unborn years.
And when fatigued with watching till I sleep,
And dreams are crowned with endless trance of rest,—
When that supreme cerebral function, mind,
(Puissant force short-circuited by Time)
Shall cease to send out signals to the sense—
The tireless atoms of this changeling heart
Shall still dance down the vistas of the world.
For some unswaddled babe, Prometheus
Shall spin anew these vital filaments
And weave a mantle of exuberant life.

Thus to each noble dauphin Science brings
The triple crown of immortality :
The endless whirl of sentient molecules ;
The endless metamorphoses of touch ;
The endless ranges of imperial Thought.

So when the eyes are dim and pulses still,
And change hath followed change in Protean whirl,
When luminous skies, enlarged and lifted up,
• Resplendent turn to every source of light,
When sweeter fountains cheer the arid plain
And fairer fruits bedeck the tree of life,
My soul shall sleep within the gates of Peace,
And Silence, angel on the sentry tower,
Shall signal to the weary, "All is well!"

NOTES.

NOTE 1, page 1.

This poem was written at the invitation of Hon. Thomas W. Palmer, President of the Columbian Exposition, and his Committee on Program, and was effectively read at the inauguration of the fair on May 1, 1893, by Jessie Couthoui, elocutionist, of Chicago.

NOTE 2, page 9.

There is nowhere a more charming hot-weather retreat than the Thousand Islands—those bits of greenness in the upper St. Lawrence where one finds beauty, approaching through spaciousness to something of grandeur, a quiet serenity, a perfect restfulness, a coolness day and night, even in midsummer, and countless charms which art has lavished in transforming the wild home of the Hurons. There are 1,692 islands, it is said, and they range in size from the dimensions of a dinner-table to a solid park containing ten or fifteen square miles. But it is one of the laws of the locality that nothing shall be counted as an island which does not bear a tree.

NOTE 3, page 15.

Written at a breakfast-table at the request of a lady who partook of her two favorite dishes and wished them to be associated in verse.

NOTE 4, page 24.

It has long seemed to me that a theory was needed which would explain the high tides in the Bay of Fundy and the Basin of Minas, and at the same time account for the mineral richness of their shores. Rare collections are made there and several minerals are found which are not known elsewhere in the world. They reveal an abundance of amethyst, agate, opal, calcite, apophyllite, chalcedony, cat's-eye, jasper, stilbite, heulandite, magnetite, malachite, copper, obsidian, and quartz crystals of unusual coloring.

NOTE 5, page 30.

A religious contest was carried on from 1870 to 1880 over the body of Joseph Guibord, of Montreal, to which burial with his relatives was prohibited on account of the heretical opinions which he was alleged to have entertained. His body was repeatedly dug up, transferred and stolen, and finally, it was said, his much harried bones were deliberately destroyed.

NOTE 6, page 31.

No explanation can here be added that would make this bit of pleasantry very intelligible to readers unacquainted with the institution referred to: those who have visited it do not need any explanation.

NOTE 7, page 33.

This celebrates an actual occurrence. Mr. Folger, President Arthur's Secretary of the Treasury, refused to commission Mary Miller as captain of a steamboat on the Missouri, though she had been serving in that capacity for months, during which time her husband, the owner of the craft, lay disabled in the cabin.

NOTE 8, page 35.

It was my privilege to be of some service to General Fremont, in obtaining a publisher for his Memoirs. One day I expressed to Mrs. Fremont surprise that the Pathfinder's romantic achievements had not inspired American poets to write something worth while; whereupon she suddenly exclaimed: "Go and write it, sir!" It was playfully spoken and heard; but I cannot forbear reiterating my surprise, which has in no wise diminished. His personal career was an epic.

NOTE 9, page 36.

"I was named after my father," said Secretary Lamar to me once in response to a question. "His mother's queer brother claimed the naming of the children, so he named my uncle Mirabeau Bonaparte and my father Lucius Quintus Curtius. For some reason, probably an agricultural one, the 'Curtius' was changed to 'Cincinnatus.' I inherited the classic names. Well, it is all right, for they might have been Julius Cæsar Brutus Hannibal!" Judge Lamar's uncle Mirabeau became President of Texas.

NOTE 10, page 36.

On Mr. Weed's eighty-fifth birthday I sent him this sonnet, with the explanatory word "Priam, you remember, was father of a hundred children—a fit type of your relation to the press of New York State."

NOTE 11, page 37.

This sonnet, translated from the Spanish, but inadequately reflects the veneration in which Benito Juarez is held in Mexico as "the Second Savior"—the revolutionary native chief, Hidalgo, of course, being the first.

NOTE 12, page 38.

Thomas Simms, a slave, escaped from his owner at Savannah, Georgia, in 1851, and made his way to Boston on a brig, concealing himself till near his journey's end. He was then locked into the cabin, but escaped; was recaptured, but escaped again; and on landing in Boston was arrested and imprisoned in the Court-House, the building being surrounded with chains and a cordon of police. Indignation meetings were held and abolitionists were arrested. After much public excitement and several street fights, he was adjudged to his owner on April 11. At Savannah he was handcuffed and whipped, and after several years of toil and suffering was sold to a Vicksburg bricklayer, from whom he escaped to Grant's victorious army in 1863. He was received with enthusiasm by the Union soldiers.

NOTE 13, page 40.

This summary of the current news of the year 1836 is preserved here merely as an effort in rhyming.

NOTE 14, page 42.

To make this intelligible it should be explained that the impressive statue in New York harbor, after it had been amid much public acclaim set upon its pedestal, was kept for many months unlighted through neglect or indifference on the part of the City Council. The lamp did not burn because there was "nothing in it." At last the statue was made technically a light-house by act of Congress, and has since been kept at a cost of \$10,000 a year to the Federal Treasury. It is usually called "Liberty Enlightening the World," but by Bartholdi, who devised and made it, and by his countrymen who presented it, it was more properly named "Liberty Lighting the World."

NOTE 15, page 46.

The Indian name of Lake Champlain was Petonbonque, and Goorayuntsee (now North Hero Island) was "the gateway" by which the Hurons and the Mohawks approached each other. "Ticonderoga" is a modern corruption of "Che-on-der-o-ga," meaning the-place-of-music, in allusion to the tinkling sounds of the adjacent river. Mohawk Rock, in Burlington harbor, was the boundary between the traditional foes. Pelot's Bay is a beautiful cove on the west side of North Hero, deep enough to shelter large yachts, and on "a slender tongue of sea-grass" at its mouth Mr. Timothy J. Sullivan and his friends, of Albany, have ranged their attractive and comfortable summer cottages.

NOTE 16, page 51.

Otsego Lake, New York, called by Cooper's Leatherstocking "the Glimmerglass," is the center of the forest realm which the great novelist populated with the creatures of his fancy.

NOTE 17, page 53.

Campobello is a beautiful island, in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the most easterly point of the United States, and in the shallow water of its cool shores stands one of nature's tall monoliths—a statue of rock some fifty feet high with a huge knob at its top. It has a fanciful resemblance to a human being walking on the beach and is a conspicuous landmark to skippers on the Bay of Fundy. Far and wide it is known as "the Friar of Campobello."

NOTE 18, page 57.

Cape Despair is a dangerous and dreaded headland projected into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Off this point perished the British fleet at the beginning of the last century, and among the natives stories are still current of the ghostly survivors of the fleet and the occasional reappearance of its cruel admiral.

NOTE 19, page 63.

Mount Hope, on Bristol peninsula, the highest headland in Rhode Island, was the ancient seat of Metacomet—"King Philip"—the indomitable chief of the Wampanoags and Sachem of Pokanoket. When, after a long and bloody war, he was conquered and killed at the head of his tribe, his wife—Queen Wootonekanusky—was dragged from her home on Mount Hope to Plymouth Bay, and sold into slavery in the Barbadoes.

NOTE 20, page 70.

"Lovers' Leap, a high cliff in Derby, overlooking the confluence of the Hoosatic and Naugatuck rivers, and covered with great oaks and evergreens, was a favorite rendezvous of friendly tribes and is still the scene of much romantic legend."—*Sketches of Connecticut*.

NOTE 21, page 74.

Written on the arrival of the French steamer, *Isère*, with the colossal statue of "Freedom Lighting the World,"—the *New York World* having secured the erection of the pedestal.

NOTE 22, page 77.

This song, set to "*Lauriger Horatius*," was written to celebrate a memorable cruise up the coast of New England on the beautiful yacht *Falcon*, in the summer of 1884, with Mr. Rufus T. Bush, the owner, and his family. (See, also, "A Salt Sea Specter," page 94, "The Secret of the Tides," "The Story of Cape Despair," etc.)

NOTE 23, page 81.

"Perhaps," a serious fancy suggested by the death of a bright little boy, the child of a friend and neighbor, John Habberton, may be said to be the reflection of an earlier mood; if written later, its title might have been "Probably Not." Several earlier poems on death have been omitted from this book because the feelings and opinions in which they originated are no longer entertained by me.

NOTE 24, page 88.

This playful Yankee salutation was suggested by the visit of that enlightened monarch, Dom Pedro, to our shores, in 1876.

NOTE 25, page 102.

In explanation of these verses it is necessary to give place here to the war-cry of Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, to which they were intended as an answer. This is, as will be seen, a theological appeal of Christianity against Mohammedanism, along sectarian lines:

Trump of the Lord! I hear it blow!
 Forward the Cross; the world shall know
 Jehovah's arm's against the foe;
 Down shall the cursed Crescent go!
 To arms! To arms!
 God wills it so!

God help the Russ! God bless the Czar!
 Shame on the swords that trade can mar!
 Shame on the laggards, faint and far,
 That rise not to the holy war!
 To arms! To arms!
 The Cross our Star.

How long, O Lord! for Thou art just;
 Vengeance is Thine; in Thee we trust;
 Wake! arm of God! and dash to dust
 Those hordes of rapine and of lust.
 To arms! To arms!
 Wake, swords that rust!

Forward the Cross! Break, clouds of ire!
 Break with the thunder and the fire!
 To new Crusades let Faith inspire;
 Down with the Crescent to the mire!
 To arms! To arms!
 To vengeance dire!

To high Stamboul that Cross restore!
 Glitter its glories as of yore.
 Down with the Turk! From Europe's shore
 Drive back the Paynim, drunk with gore.
 To arms—to arms—
 To arms once more!

In this connection it may be proper to publish the following letter which I received from the beloved poet of peace:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Thanks for thy spirited and Christian verses in reply to the war-inciting bishop. Thy lines are timely. I wish our literature was less eulogistic of bloodshed. Well would it be if our poets sang only the bloodless victories of love and good-will. I remember a passage in Ossian:

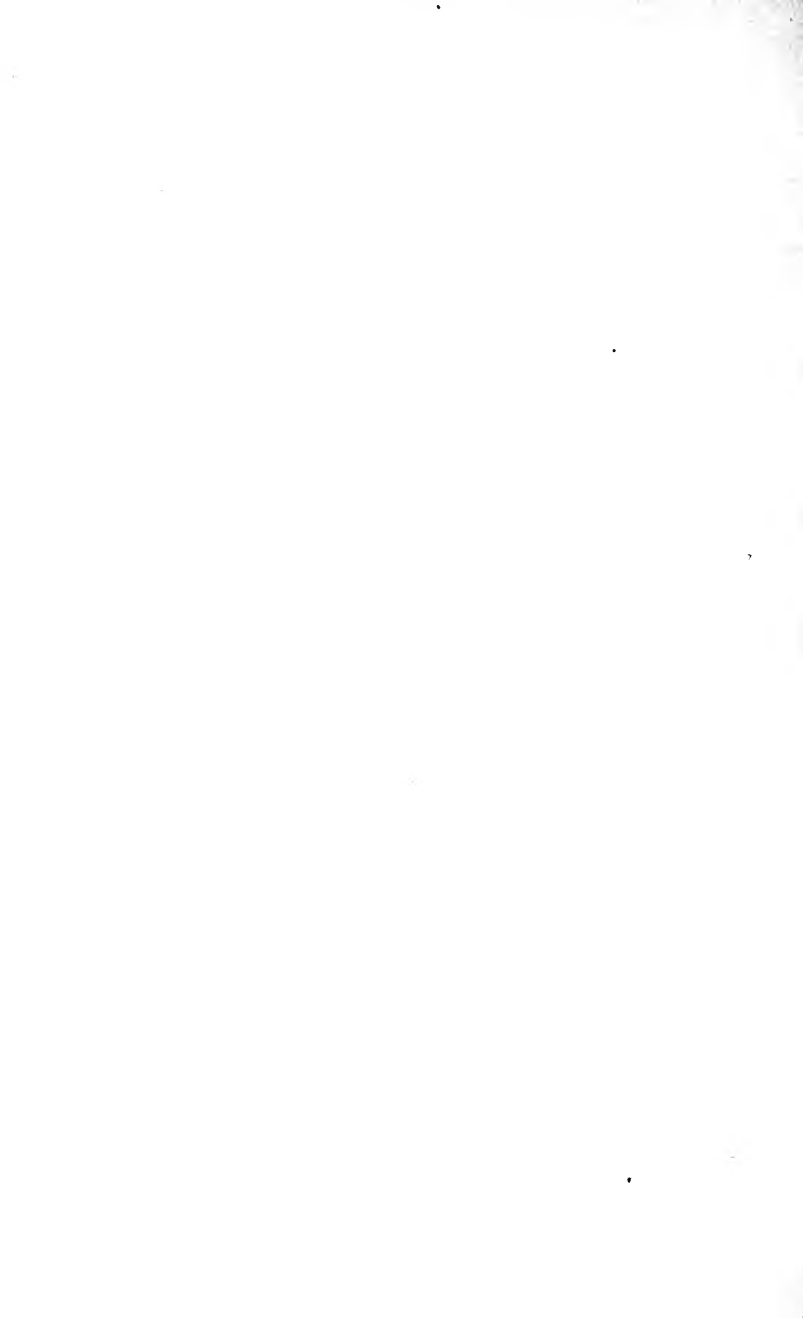
“The battle ceased along the plain,
 For the bards had sung the song of peace.”

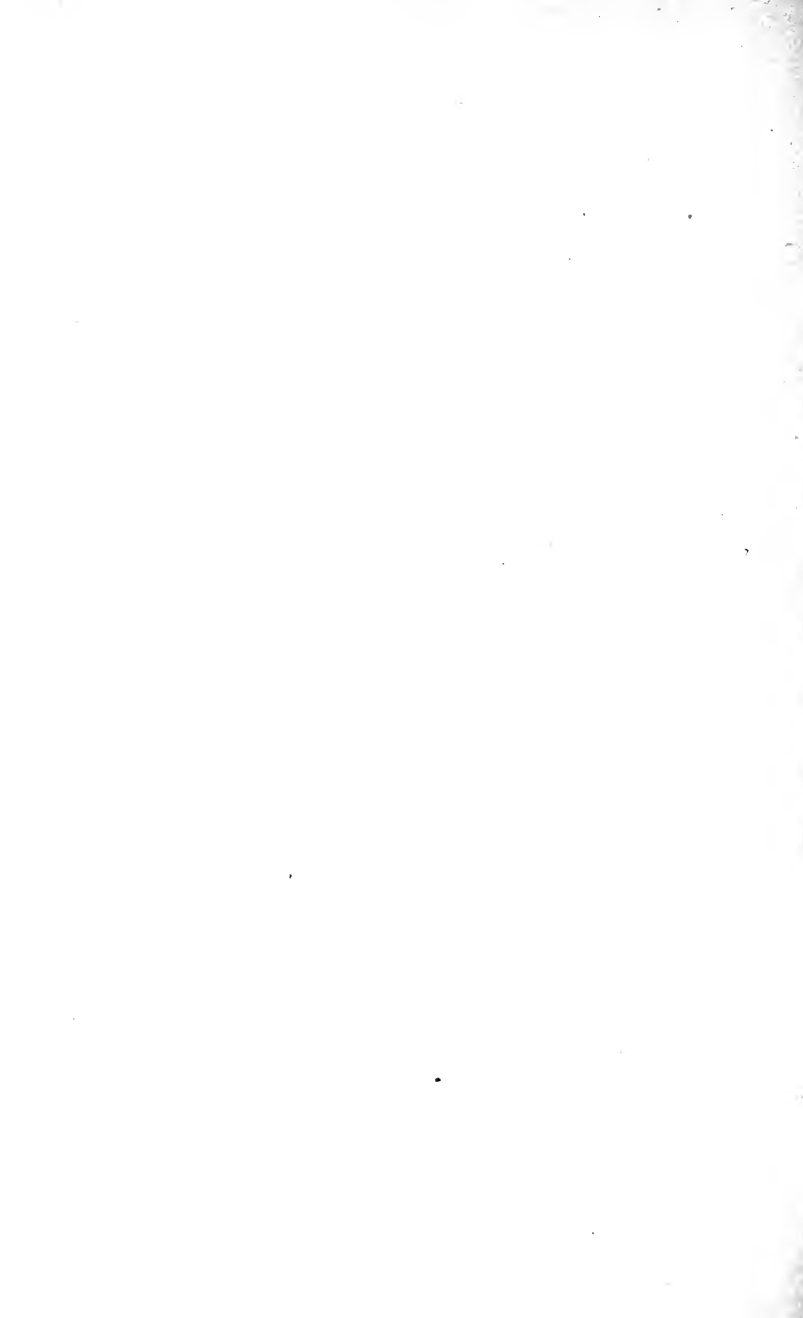
Truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

NOTE 26, page 122.

I never was satisfied with Whittier's poem “St. John,” for it seemed inadequate to cover the historical facts in the case. So, after assembling and correlating these, visiting the old fort at the old city and listening to the surviving traditions, and introducing our weak human nature as an element, I have hung them in the rhythmical frame to which this note refers.







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